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## A PRINCESS OF THULE.

BY WILLIAM BLACK, AUTHOR OF "THE STRANGE ADVENTURES OF A PHAETON," ETC.

## CHAPTER X.

### FAIRY-LAND.

"WELCOME to London-!"

He was about to add "Sheila," but suddenly stopped. The girl, who had hastily come forward to meet him, with a glad look in her eyes, and with both hands outstretched, doubtless perceived the brief embarrassment of the moment, and was perhaps a little amused by it. But she took no notice of it; she merely advanced to him, and caught both his hands, and said-

"And are you very well?"

It was the old and familiar salutation, uttered in the same odd, gentle, insinuating fashion, and in the same low and sweet voice. Sheila's stay in Oban, and the few days she had already spent in London, had not taught her the difference between "very" and "ferry."

"It is so strange to hear you speak in London -, Mrs. Lavender," he said, with rather a wry face as he pronounced her full and proper title.

And now it was Sheila's turn to look a bit embarrassed, and colour, and appear uncertain whether to be vexed or pleased, when her husband himself broke in with his usual good-natured impetuosity.

"I say, Ingram, don't be absurd. Of course you must call her Sheilaunless when there are people here, and

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then you may please yourself. Why. the poor girl has enough of strange things and names about her already. I don't know how she keeps her head. It would bewilder me, I know; but I can see that, after she has stood at the window for a time, and begun to get dazed by all the wonderful sights and sounds outside, she suddenly withdraws and fixes all her attention on some little domestic duty, just as if she were hanging on to the practical things of life to assure herself it isn't all a dream. Isn't that so, Sheila ?" he said, putting his hand on her shoulder.

"You ought not to watch me likethat," she said, with a smile. "But it is the noise that is most bewildering, There are many places I will know already when I see them, many places and things I have known in pictures; but now the size of them, and the noise of carriages, and the people always passing-and always different-always strangers, so that you never see the same people any more \_\_\_\_. But I am getting very much accustomed to it."

"You are trying very hard to get accustomed to it, any way, my good

girl," said her husband.
"You need not be in a hurry; you may begin to regret some day that you have not a little of that feeling of wonder left," said Ingram. "But you have not told me anything of what you think about London, and of how you like it, and how you like your house, and what you have done with Bras, and a thousand other things-"

"I will tell you all that directly, when I have got for you some wine and some

biscuits.

"Sheila, you can ring for them," said her husband, but she had by that time departed on her mission. sently she returned, and waited upon Ingram just as if she had been in her father's house in Borva, with the gentlemen in a hurry to go out to the fishing, and herself the only one who

could serve them.

She put a small table close by the French window; she drew back the curtains as far as they would go to show the sunshine of a bright forenoon in May lighting up the trees in the square and gleaming on the pale and tall fronts of the houses beyond; and she wheeled in three low easy-chairs so as to front this comparatively cheerful prospect. Somehow or other it seemed quite natural that Sheila should wheel in those chairs. It was certainly no disrespect on the part of either her husband or her visitor which caused both of them to sit still and give her her own way about such things. Indeed, Lavender had not as yet ever attempted to impress upon Sheila the necessity of cultivating the art of helplessness. That, with other social graces, would perhaps come in She would soon acquire good time. the habits and ways of her friends and acquaintances, without his trying to force upon her a series of affectations, which would only embarrass her and cloud the perfect frankness and spontaneity of her nature. Of one thing he was quite assured-that, whatever mistakes Sheila might make in society, they would never render her ridiculous. Strangers might not know the absolute sincerity of her every word and act, which gave her a courage that had no fear of criticism, but they could at least see the simple grace and dignity of the girl, and that natural ease of manner which is mainly the result of a thorough consciousness of honesty. To burden her with rules and regulations of conduct, would be to produce the very catastrophes he wished to avoid. Where no attempt is made, failure is impossible; and he was meanwhile well content that Sheila should simply appear as Sheila, even although she might draw in a chair for a guest, or so far forget her dignity as to pour out some wine for her husband.

"After all, Sheila," said Lavender. "hadn't I better begin and tell Ingram about your surprise and delight when you came near Oban, and saw the tall hotels, and the trees? It was the trees, I think, that struck you most; because, you know, those in Lewis-well, to tell the truth—the fact is, the trees of Lewis—as I was saying, the trees of Lewis are not just—they cannot be said to be-

"You bad boy, to say anything against the Lewis!" exclaimed Sheila: and Ingram held that she was right: and that there were certain sorts of ingratitude more disgraceful than others, and that this was just about the worst.

"Oh, I have brought all the good away from Lewis," said Lavender, with

a careless impertinence.

"No," said Sheila, proudly. "You have not brought away my papa; and there is not anyone in this country I have

seen as good as he is."

"My dear, your experience of the thirty millions of folks in these islands is quite convincing. I was wholly in the wrong; and if you forgive me, we shall celebrate our reconciliation in a cigarette—that is to say, Ingram and I will perform the rites, and you can look on."

So Sheila went away to get the cigar-

ettes also.

"You don't say you smoke in your drawing-room, Lavender?" said Ingram, mindful of the fastidious ways of his friend even when he had bachelor's rooms in King Street.

"Don't I, though? I smoke everywhere-all over the place. Don't you see, we have no visitors yet. No one is supposed to know we have come South. Sheila must get all sorts of things before she can be introduced to my friends and my aunt's friends, and the house must be put to rights, too. You wouldn't have her go to see my aunt in that sailor's costume she used to rush about in up in Lewis?"

"That is precisely what I would have," said Ingram; "she cannot look more handsome in any other dress."

"Why, my aunt would fancy I had married a savage—I believe she fears something of the sort now."

"And you haven't told even her that you are in London?"

" No."

"Well, Lavender, that is a precious silly performance. Suppose she hears of your being in town, what will you say to her?"

"I should tell her I wanted a few days to get my wife properly dressed before taking her about."

Ingram shrugged his shoulders.

"Perhaps you are right. Perhaps, indeed, it would be better if you waited six months before you introduced Sheila to your friends. At present you seem to be keeping the footlights turned down, until everything is ready for the first scene, and then Sheila is to burst upon society in a blaze of light and Well, that is harmless enough; but look here. You don't know much about her yet-you will be naturally anxious to hear what the audience, as it were, say of her-and there is just a chance of your unconsciously adopting their impressions and opinions of Sheila, seeing that you have no very fixed ones of your own. Now what your social circle may think about her is a difficult thing to decide; and I confess I would rather have seen you remain six months in Lewis before bringing her up here."

Ingram was at least a candid friend. It was not the first, nor the hundredth time, that Frank Lavender had to endure small lectures, uttered in a slow, deliberate voice, and yet with an indifference of manner which showed that Ingram cared very little how sharply his words struck home. He rarely even apologized for his bluntness. These

were his opinions; Lavender could take them or leave them as he liked. And the younger man, after finding his face flush a bit on being accused of wishing to make a dramatic impression with Sheila's entrance into London society, laughed in an embarrassed way, and said—

"It is impossible to be angry with you, Ingram, and yet you do talk so absurdly. I wonder who is likely to know more about the character of a girl than her own husband!"

"You may in time; you don't now," said Ingram, carefully balancing a biscuit on the point of his finger.

"The fact is," said Lavender, with good-natured impatience, "you are the most romantic card I know, and there is no pleasing you. You have all sorts of exalted notions about things-about sentiments, and duties, and so forth. Well, all that is true enough, and would be right enough, if the world were filled with men and women like yourself: but then it isn't, you see; and one has to give in to conventionalities of dress. and living, and ceremonies, if one wants to retain one's friends. Now, I like to see you going about with that wideawake-it suits your brown complexion and beard—and that stick that would do for herding sheep; and the costume looks well, and is business-like and excellent when you're off for a walk over the Surrey downs or lying on the river-banks about Henley or Cookham; but it isn't, you know, the sort of costume for a stroll in the Park-

"Whenever God withdraws from me my small share of common sense," said Ingram, slowly, "so far that I shall begin to think of having my clothes made for the purpose of walking in Hyde Park—well——"

"But don't you see," said Lavender, "that one must meet one's friends, especially when one is married; and when you know that at a certain hour in the forencon they are all to be found in a particular place, and that a very pleasant place—and that you will do yourself good by having a walk in the fresh air, and so forth—I really don't see

anything very immoral in going down for an hour or so to the Park."

"Don't you think the pleasure of seeing one's friends might be postponed till one had done some sort of a good day's work ?" said Ingram, mindful of the goodly promise of the youth, and knowing well that Sheila expected the husband of her choice to make a great name for himself one of these days.

"There now," cried Lavender, "that is another of your delusions. You are always against superstitions, and yet you make work a fetish. You do with work just as women do with dutythey carry about with them a convenient little god, and they are always worshipping it with small sacrifices, and complimenting themselves on a series of little martyrdoms that are of no good to anybody. Of course, duty wouldn't be duty if it wasn't disagreeable, and when they go nursing the sick—and they could get it better done for fifteen shillings a week by somebody else-they don't mind coming back to their families with the seeds of typhus about their gowns; and when they crush the affections in order to worship at the shrine of duty, they don't consider that they may be making martyrs of other folks who don't want martyrdom, and get no sort of pleasure out of it. Now, what in all the world is the good of work as work ? I believe myself that work is an unmistakeable evil, involving all sorts of jealousy, and greed, and envy; but when it is a necessity, I suppose you get some sort of selfish satisfaction in overcoming it; and doubtless if there was any immediate necessity in my case -I don't deny the necessity may arise, and that I should like nothing better than to work for Sheila's sake-

"Now you are coming to the point," said Ingram, who had been listening with his usual patience to his friend's somewhat chaotic speculations. "Perhaps you may have to work for your wife's sake and your own; and I confess I am surprised to see you so content with your present circumstances. If your aunt's property legally reverted to you—if you had any sort of family

claim on it—that would make some little difference; but you know that any sudden quarrel between you might leave you penniless to-morrow——"

"In which case I should begin to work to morrow; and I should come to you for my first commission."

"And you shouldn't have it. I would have you to go and fight the world for yourself—without which a man knows nothing of himself or of his relations with those around him——"

"Frank, dear, here are the cigarettes," said Sheila, at this point; and as she came and sat down, the discussion

ceased.

For Sheila began to tell her friend of all the strange adventures that had befallen her since she left the far island of Lewis-how she had seen with fear the great mountains of Skye lit up by the wild glare of a stormy sunrise; how she had seen with astonishment the great fir-woods of Armadale; and how green and beautiful were the shores of the Sound of Mull. And then, Oban ! -with its shining houses, its blue bay, and its magnificent trees all lit up by a fair and still sunshine. She had not imagined there was anywhere in the world so beautiful a place; and could scarcely believe that London itself was more rich and noble, and impressive. For there were beautiful ladies walking along the broad pavements, and there were shops with large windows that seemed to contain everything that the mind could desire, and there was a whole fleet of yachts in the bay. But it was the trees, above all, that captivated her; and she asked if they were lords who owned those beautiful houses built up on the hill and half-smothered among lilacs, and ash-trees, and rowantrees, and ivy.

"My darling," Lavender had said to her, "if your papa were to come and live here, he could buy half-a-dozen of those cottages, gardens and all. They are mostly the property of well-to-do shopkeepers. If this little place takes your fancy, what will you say when you go South—when you see Wimbledon, and Richmond, and Kew, with their

grand old commons and trees? Why, you could hide Oban in a corner of Richmond Park !"

"And my papa has seen all those

"Yes. Don't you think it strange he should have seen them all, and known he could live in any one of them, and then gone away back to Borva?"

"But what would the poor people have done if he had never gone back ?"

"Oh, some one else would have taken

his place."

"And then, if he were living here, or in London, he might have got tired, and he might have wished to go back to the Lewis and see all the people he knew; and then he would come among them like a stranger, and have no house to go to.

Then Lavender said, quite gently-" Do you think, Sheila, you will ever

tire of living in the South?"

The girl looked up quickly, and said, with a sort of surprised questioning in her eyes-

"No, not with you. But then we

shall often go to the Lewis?"

"Oh, yes," her husband said, "as often as we can conveniently. But it will take some time at first, you know, before you get to know all my friends who are to be your friends, and before you get properly fitted into our social circle. That will take you a long time, Sheila, and you may have many annoyances or embarrassments to encounter; but you won't be very much afraid, my girl ?"

Sheila merely looked up to him; there was no fear in the frank, brave

eyes.

The first large town she saw struck a cold chill to her heart. On a wet and dismal afternoon they sailed into Greenock. A heavy smoke hung about the black building-yards and the dirty quays; the narrow and squalid streets were filled with mud, and only the poorer sections of the population waded through the mire or hung disconsolately about the corners of the thoroughfares. A gloomier picture could not well be conceived; and Sheila, chilled with the

long and wet sail, and bewildered by the noise and bustle of the harbour, was driven to the hotel with a sore heart and a downcast face.

"This is not like London, Frank," she said, pretty nearly ready to cry with

disappointment.

"This? No. Well, it is like a part of London, certainly, but not the part

you will live in."

"But how can we live in the one place without passing the other and being made miserable by it? There was no part of Oban like this."

"Why, you will live miles away from the docks and quays of London. You might live for a lifetime in London without ever knowing it had a harbour. Don't you be afraid, Sheila. You will live in a district where there are far finer houses than any you saw in Oban, and far finer trees; and within a few minutes' walk you will find great gardens and parks, with lakes in them, and wild fowl, and you will be able to teach the boys about how to set the helm and the sails when they are launching their small boats."

"I should like that," said Sheila,

with her face brightening.

"Perhaps you would like a boat

"Yes," she said, frankly. "If there were not many people there, we might go out sometimes in the evening-"

Her husband laughed, and took her

hand.

"You don't understand, Sheila. The boats the boys have are little things a foot or two long-like the one in your papa's bedroom in Borva. But many of the boys would be greatly obliged to you if you would teach them how to manage the sails properly; for sometimes dreadful shipwrecks occur."

"You must bring them to our house; I am very fond of little boys-when they begin to forget to be shy, and let you become acquainted with them.'

"Well," said Lavender, "I don't know many of the boys who sail boats in the Serpentine; you will have to make their acquaintance yourself. But I know one boy whom I must bring to the house. He is a German-Jew boy, who is going to be another Mendelsschn, his friends say. He is a pretty boy, with ruddy, brown hair, big black eyes, and a fine forehead; and he really sings and plays delightfully. But, you know, Sheila, you must not treat him as a boy, for he is over fifteen, I should think; and if you were to kiss him——"

"He might be angry," said Sheila, with perfect simplicity.

"I might," said Lavender; and then, noticing that she seemed a little surprised, he merely patted her head and bade her go and get ready for dinner.

Then came the great climax of Sheila's southward journey - her arrival in London. She was all anxiety to see her future home; and as luck would have it, there was a fair Spring morning shining over the city. For a couple of hours before she had sat and looked out of the carriage-window as the train whirled rapidly through the scarcelyawakened country; and she had seen the soft and beautiful landscapes of the South lit up by the early sunlight. How the bright little villages shone, with here and there a gilt weathercock glittering on the spire of some small grey church ; while as yet in many valleys a pale grey mist lay along the bed of the level streams or clung to the dense woods on the upland heights. Which was the more beautiful—the sharp, clear picture, with its brilliant colours and its awakening life, or the more mystic landscape over which was still drawn the tender veil of the morning haze? She could not tell. She only knew that England, as she then saw it, seemed a great country that was very beautiful, that had few inhabitants, and that was still, and sleepy, and bathed in sunshine. How happy must the people be who lived in those quiet green valleys, by the side of slow and smooth rivers, and amid great woods and avenues of stately trees, the like of which she had not imagined even in her dreams!

But from the moment that they got out at Euston Square, she seemed a trifle bewildered; and could only do implicitly as her husband bade herclinging to his hand, for the most part, as if to make sure of guidance. She did, indeed, glance somewhat nervously at the hansom into which Lavender put her, apparently asking how such a tall and narrow two-wheeled vehicle could be prevented toppling over. But when he, having sent on all their luggage by a respectable old four-wheeler, got into the hansom beside her, and put his hand inside her arm, and bade her be of good cheer that she should have such a pleasant morning to welcome her to London, she said "Yes," mechanically, and only looked out in a wistful fashion at the great houses and trees of Euston Square, the mighty and roaring stream of omnibuses, the droves of strangers mostly clad in black, as if they were going to church, and the pale blue smoke that seemed to mix with the sunshine and make it cold and distant.

They were in no hurry, these two, on that still morning, and so, to impress Sheila all at once with a sense of the greatness and grandeur of London, he made the cabman cut down by Park Crescent and Portland Place to Regent Circus. Then they went along Oxford Street; and there were crowded omnibuses taking young men into the City; while all the pavements were busy with hurrying passers-by. What multitudes of unknown faces—unknown to her and unknown to each other! These people did not speak-they only hurried on, each intent upon his own affairs, caring nothing, apparently, for the din around them, and looking so strange and sad in their black clothes, in the pale and misty sunlight.

"You are in a trance, Sheila," he said. She did not answer. Surely she had wandered into some magical city; for now the houses on one side of the way suddenly ceased, and she saw before her a great and undulating extent of green, with a border of beautiful flowers, and with groups of trees that met the sky all along the southern horizon. Did the green and beautiful country she had seen shoot in thus into the heart of the town, or was there another city far away on the other side of the trees? The

place was almost as deserted as those still valleys she had passed by in the morning. Here, in the street, there was the roar of a passing crowd; but over there was a long and almost deserted stretch of Park, with winding roads and umbrageous trees, on which the wan sunlight fell from between loose masses of half-golden cloud.

Then they passed Kensington Gardens; and there were more people walking down the broad highways be-

tween the elms.

"You are getting nearly home now, Sheila," he said. "And you will be able to come and walk in these avenues

whenever you please,"

Was this, then, her home?—this section of a barrack-row of dwellings, all alike in steps, pillars, doors, and windows? When she got inside, the servant who had opened the door bobbed a curtsey to her: should she shake hands with her, and say, "And are you ferry well?" But at this moment Lavender came running up the steps, playfully hurried her into the house and up the stairs, and led her into her own drawing-room.

"Well, my girl, what do you think of your home, now that you see it ?"

Sheila looked round, timidly. It was not a big room; but it was a palace in height, and grandeur, and colour, compared with that little museum in Borva in which Sheila's piano stood. It was all so strange and beautifulthe split pomegranates and quaint leaves on the upper part of the walls, and underneath a dull slate colour where the pictures hung-the curious painting on the frames of the mirrors-the brilliant curtains, with their stiff and formal patterns. It was not very much like a home as yet-it was more like a picture that had been carefully planned and executed; but she knew how he had thought of pleasing her in choosing these things, and, without saying a word, she took his hand and kissed it. And then she went to one of the three tall French windows, and looked out on the square. There, between the trees, was a space of beautiful soft green; and some children, dressed in bright dresses, and attended by a governess in sober black, had just begun to play croquet. An elderly lady, with a small white dog, was walking along one of the gravelled paths. An old man was pruning some bushes.

"It is very still and quiet here," said Sheila. "I was afraid we should have to live in that terrible noise always."

"I hope you won't find it dull, my darling," he said.

"Dull, when you are here?"

"But I cannot always be here, you know ?"

She looked up:

"You see, a man is so much in the way if he is dawdling about a house all day long. You would begin to regard me as a nuisance, Sheila; and would be for sending me out to play croquet with those young Broughtons merely that you might get the rooms dusted. Besides, you know I couldn't work here—I must have a studio of some sort—in the neighbourhood, of course. And then you will give me your orders in the morning as to when I am to come round for luncheon or dinner."

"And you will be alone all day at

your work?"

" Yes."

"Then I will come and sit with you,

my poor boy," she said.

"Much work I should do in that case!" he said. "But we'll see. In the meantime go upstairs and get your things off; that young person below has breakfast ready, I dare say."

"But you have not shown me yet where Mr. Ingram lives," said Sheila,

before she went to the door.

"Oh, that is miles away. You have only seen a little bit of London yet. Ingram lives about as far away from here as the distance you have just come, but in another direction."

"It is like a world made of houses," said Sheila, "and all filled with strangers. But you will take me to see

Mr. Ingram ?"

"By and by, yes. But he is sure to drop in on you as soon as he fancies you are settled in your new home."

And here, at last, was Mr. Ingram come; and the mere sound of his voice seemed to carry her back to Borva, so that, in talking to him and waiting on him as of old, she would scarcely have been surprised if her father had walked in to say that a coaster was making for the harbour, or that Duncan was going over to Stornoway, and Sheila should have to give him commissions. Her husband did not take the same interest in the social and political affairs of Borva that Mr. Ingram did. Lavender had made a pretence of assisting Sheila in her work among the poor people; but the effort was a hopeless failure. He could not remember the name of the family that wanted a new boat, and was visibly impatient when Sheila would sit down to write out, for some aged crone, a letter to her grandson in Canada. Now Ingram, for the mere sake of occupation, had qualified himself during his various visits to Lewis so that he might have become the Home Minister of the King of Borva; and Sheila was glad to have one attentive listener as she described all the wonderful things that had happened in the island since the previous summer.

But Ingram had got a full and complete holiday on which to come up and see Sheila; and he had brought with him the wild and startling proposal that, in order that she should take her first plunge into the pleasures of civilized life, her husband and herself should drive down to Richmond and dine at

the Star and Garter.

"What is that ?" said Sheila.

"My dear girl," said her husband, seriously, "your ignorance is something fearful to contemplate. It is quite bewildering. How can a person who does not know what the Star and Garter is, be told what the Star and

"But I am willing to go and see,"

said Sheila.

"Then I must look after getting a brougham," said Lavender, rising.

"A brougham on such a day as this?" exclaimed Ingram. "Nonsense! get an open trap of some sort-and Sheila,

just to please me, will put on that very blue dress she used to wear in Borva, and the hat and the white feather, if she has got it-"

"Perhaps you would like me to put on a sealskin cap and a red handkerchief instead of a collar," observed Lavender,

calmly.

"You may do as you please. Sheila and I are going to dine at the Star and Garter."

" May I put on that blue dress ?" said the girl, going up to her husband.

"Yes, of course, if you like," said Lavender, meekly, going off to order the carriage, and wondering by what route he could drive those two maniacs down to Richmond so that none of his

friends should see them.

When he came back again, bringing with him a landau which could be shut up for the homeward journey at night, he had to confess that no costume seemed to suit Sheila so well as the rough sailor-dress; and he was so pleased with her appearance, that he consented at once to let Bras go with them in the carriage, on condition that Sheila should be responsible for him. Indeed, after the first shiver of driving away from the Square was over, he forgot that there was much unusual about the look of this odd pleasure-party. If you had told him, eighteen months before, that on a bright day in May, just as people were going home from the Park for luncheon, he would go for a drive in a hired trap with one horse, his companions being a man with a brown wide-awake, a girl dressed as though she were the owner of a yacht, and an immense deer-hound, and that, in this fashion, he would dare to drive up to the Star and Garter and order dinner, he would have bet five hundred to one that such a thing would never occur so long as he preserved his senses. But somehow he did not mind much. He was very much at home with those two people beside him; the day was bright and fresh; the horse went a good pace; and once they were over Hammersmith Bridge and out among fields and trees, the country looked exceedingly pretty, and all the

beauty of it was mirrored in Sheila's

eyes.

"I can't quite make you out in that dress, Sheila," he said. "I am not sure whether it is real and business-like, or a theatrical costume. I have seen girls on Ryde Pier with something of the same sort on, only a good deal more pronounced, you know—and they looked like sham yachtsmen; and I have seen stewardesses wearing that colour and texture of cloth-

"But why not leave it as it is," said Ingram, "a solitary costume produced by certain conditions of climate and duties, acting in conjunction with a natural taste for harmonious colouring and simple form? That dress, I will maintain, sprang as naturally from the salt sea as Aphrodite did; and the man who suspects artifice in it, or invention, has had his mind perverted by the scepticism of modern society-

"Is my dress so very wonderful?" said Sheila, with a grave complaisance. "I am pleased that the Lewis has produced such a fine thing, and perhaps you would like me to tell you its history. It was my papa bought a piece of blue serge in Stornoway. It cost 3s. 6d. a yard, and a dressmaker in Stornoway cut it for me, and I made it myself. That is all the history of the wonderful dress."

Suddenly Sheila seized her husband's They had got down to the river by Mortlake; and there, on the broad bosom of the stream, a long and slender boat was shooting by, pulled by four oarsmen clad in white flannel.

"How can they go out in such a boat?" said Sheila, with a great alarm visible in her eyes: "it is scarcely a boat at all; and if they touch a rock, or if

the wind catches them-

"Don't be frightened, Sheila," said her husband. "They are quite safe. There are no rocks in our rivers; and the wind does not give us squalls here like those on Loch Roag. You will see hundreds of those boats by and by, and perhaps you yourself will go out in one-

"Oh, never, never!" she said, almost with a shudder.

"Why, if the people here heard you, they would not know how brave a sailor you are. You are not afraid to go out at night by yourself on the sea; and you won't go on a smooth inland river-

"But those boats -- if you touch them

they must go over."

She seemed glad to get away from the river. She could not be persuaded of the safety of the slender craft of the Thames; and, indeed, for some time after seemed so strangely depressed that Lavender begged and prayed of her to tell him what was the matter. It was simple enough. She had heard him speak of his boating adventures. Was it in such boats as that she had just seen; and might he not be some day going out in one of them, and an accident-the breaking of an oar-a gust of wind-

There was nothing for it but to reassure her by a solemn promise that in no circumstances whatever would he, Lavender, go into a boat without her express permission; whereupon Sheila was as grateful to him as though he had dowered her with a kingdom.

This was not the Richmond Hill of her fancy-this spacious height, with its great mansions, its magnificent elms, and its view of all the westward and wooded country, with the blue-white streak of the river winding through the green foliage. Where was the farm? The famous Lass of Richmond Hill must have lived on a farm; but here, surely, were the houses of great lords and nobles, which had apparently been there for years and years. And was this really an hotel that they stopped at -this great building, that she could only compare to Stornoway Castle?

"Now, Sheila," said Lavender, after they had ordered dinner, and gone out, "mind you keep a tight hold on that leash, for Bras will see strange things

in the Park."

"It is I who will see strange things," she said; and the prophecy was amply fulfilled. For as they went along the broad path, and came better into view of the splendid undulations of woodland, and pasture, and fern; when, on the one hand, they saw the Thames, far below them, flowing through the green and spacious valley, and, on the other hand, caught some dusky glimpse of the far white houses of London—it seemed to her that she had got into a new world, and that this world was far more beautiful than the great city she had left. She did not care so much for the famous view from the Hill. She had cast one quick look to the horizon, with one throb of expectation that the sea might be there. There was no sea there; only the faint blue of long lines of country apparently without limit. Moreover, over the western landscape a faint haze prevailed, that increased in the distance and softened down the more distant woods into a sober grey. That great extent of wooded plain, lying sleepily in its pale mists, was not so cheerful as the scene around her. where the sunlight was sharp and clear, the air fresh, the trees flooded with a pure and bright colour. Here, indeed, was a cheerful and beautiful world; and she was full of curiosity to know all about it and its strange features. What was the name of this tree, and how did it differ from that? Were not these rabbits over by the fence; and did rabbits live in the midst of trees and bushes? What sort of wood was the fence made of: and was it not terribly expensive to have such a protection? Could not he tell the cost of a wooden fence? Why did they not use wire netting? Was not that a loch away down there, and what was its name? A loch without a name? Did the salmon come up to it; and did any seabirds ever come inland and build their nests on its margin?

"Oh, Bras, you must come and look at the loch. It is a long time since you will see a loch."

And away she went through the thick breckan, holding on to the swaying leash that held the galloping grey-hound, and running as swiftly as though she had been making down for the shore to get out the Maighdean-mhara.

"Sheila!" called her husband, "don't be foolish!"

"Sheila!" called Ingram, "have pity on an old man-"

Suddenly she stopped. A brace of partridges had suddenly sprung up at some little distance, and, with a wild whirr of their wings, were now directing their low and rapid flight towards the bottom of the valley.

"What birds are those?" she said, peremptorily.

She took no notice of the fact that her companions were pretty nearly too blown to speak. There was a brisk life and colour in her face; and all her attention was absorbed in watching the flight of the birds. Lavender fancied he saw in the fixed and keen look something of old Mackenzie's grey eye—it was the first trace of a likeness to her father he had seen.

"You bad girl," he said, "they are partridges."

She paid no heed to this reproach; for what were those other things over there underneath the trees? Bras had pricked up his ears, and there was a strange excitement in his look and in his trembling frame.

"Deer!" she cried, with her eyes as fixed as were those of the dog beside

"Well," said her husband, calmly, "what although they are deer?"

"But Bras—" she said; and with that she caught the leash with both her hands.

"Bras won't mind them, if you keep him quiet. I suppose you can manage him better than I can. I wish we had brought a whip."

"I would rather let him kill every deer in the Park than touch him with a whip," said Sheila, proudly.

"You fearful creature, you don't know what you say. That is high treason. If George Ranger heard you, he would have you hanged in front of the Star and Garter."

"Who is George Ranger?" said Sheila, with an air as if she had said, "Do you know that I am the daughter of the King of Borva, and whoever touches me will have to answer to my papa, who is not afraid of any George Ranger."

"He is a great lord who hangs all persons who disturb the deer in this Park."

"But why do they not go away?" said Sheila, impatiently. "I have never seen any deer so stupid. It is their own fault if they are disturbed; why do they remain so near to people and to houses?"

"My dear child, if Bras wasn't here, you would probably find some of those deer coming up to see if you had any bits of sugar or pieces of bread about

your pockets."

"Then they are like sheep, they are not like deer," she said with some contempt. "If I could only tell Bras that it is sheep he will be looking at, he would not look any more. And so small they are; they are as small as the roe; but they have horns as big as many of the red deer. Do the people eat them?"

"I suppose so."

"And what will they cost?"
"I am sure I can't tell you."

"Are they as good as the roe or the

big deer?"

"I don't know that either. I don't think I ever ate fallow-deer. But you know they are not kept here for that purpose. A great many gentlemen in this country keep a lot of them in their parks, merely to look pretty. They cost a great deal more than they produce—"

"They must eat up a great deal of fine grass," said Sheila, almost sorrowfully. "It is a beautiful ground for sheep—no rushes, no peat-moss, only fine, good grass, and dry land. I should like my papa to see all this beautiful ground."

"I fancy he has seen it."

"Was my papa here?"
"I think he said so."

"And did he see those deer?"

"Doubtless."

"He never told me of them," she said, wondering that her papa had seen all these strange things without speaking of them.

By this time they had pretty nearly got down to the little lake; and Bras had been alternately coaxed and threatened into a quiescent mood. Sheila evidently expected to hear a flapping of sea-fowls' wings when they got near the margin; and looked all round for the first sudden dart from the banks. But a dead silence prevailed; and as there were neither fish nor birds to watch, she went along to a wooden bench, and sat down there, one of her companions on each hand. It was a pretty scene that lay before her-the small stretch of water ruffled with the wind, but showing a dash of blue sky here and there—the trees in the enclosure beyond clad in their summer foliage, the smooth greensward shining in the afternoon sunlight. Here, at least, was absolute quiet after the roar of London; and it was somewhat wistfully that she asked her husband how far this place was from her home, and whether, when he was at work, she could not come down here by herself.

"Certainly," he said, never dreaming that she would think of doing such a

thing.

By and by they returned to the hotel, and while they sat at dinner a great fire of sunset spread over the west, and the far woods became of a rich purple, streaked here and there with lines of pale white mist. river caught the glow of the crimson clouds above, and shone duskily red amid the dark green of the trees. Deeper and deeper grew the colour of the sun as it sank to the horizon, until it disappeared behind one low bar of purple cloud; and then the wild glow in the west slowly faded away, the river became pallid and indistinct, the white mists over the distant woods seemed to grow denser, and then, as here and there a lamp was lit far down in the valley, one or two pale stars appeared in the sky overhead, and the night came on apace.

"It is so strange," Sheila said, "to find the darkness coming on, and not to hear the sound of the waves. I wonder

if it is a fine night at Borva."

Her husband went over to her, and led her back to the table, where the candles, shining over the white cloth and the coloured glasses, offered a more cheerful picture than the deepening landscape outside. They were in a private room; so that, when dinner was over, Sheila was allowed to amuse herself with the fruit, while her two companions lit their cigars. Where was the quaint old piano, now; and the glass of hot whiskey and water; and the "Lament of Monaltrie," or "Love in thine eyes for ever plays"? It seemed, but for the greatness of the room, to be a repetition of one of those evenings at Borva that now belonged to a far-off past. Here was Sheila, not minding the smoke, listening to Ingram as of old, and sometimes saying something in that sweetly-inflected speech of hers; here was Ingram, talking, as it were, out of a brown study, and morosely objecting to pretty nearly everything Lavender said, but always ready to prove Sheila right; and Lavender himself, as unlike a married man as ever, talking impatiently, impetuously, and wildly, except at such times as he said something to his young wife, and then some brief smile and look, or some pat on the hand, said more than words. But where, Sheila may have thought, was the one wanting to complete the group? Has he gone down to Borvabost to see about the cargoes of fish to be sent off in the morning? Perhaps he is talking to Duncan outside about the cleaning of the guns, or making up cartridges in the kitchen. When Sheila's attention wandered away from the talk of her companions, she could not help listening for the sound of the waves; and as there was no such message coming to her from the great and wooded plain without, her fancy took her away across that mighty country she had travelled through, and carried her up to the island of Loch Roag, until she almost fancied she could smell the peat-smoke in the night-air, and listen to the sea, and hear her father pacing up and down the gravel outside the house, perhaps thinking of her as she was thinking of

This little excursion to Richmond was long remembered by those three. It was the last of their meetings before Sheila was ushered into the big world, to busy herself with new occupations and cares. It was a pleasant little journey throughout; for as they got into the landau to drive back to town, the moon was shining high up in the southern heavens, and the air was mild and fresh, so that they had the carriage opened, and Sheila, well wrapped up, lay and looked around her with a strange wonder and joy as they drove underneath the shadow of the trees and out again into the clear sheen of the night. They saw the river, too, flowing smoothly and palely down between its dark banks; and somehow here the silence checked them, and they hummed no more those duets they used to sing up at Borva. Of what were they thinking, then, as they drove through the clear night, along the lonely road? Lavender, at least, was rejoicing at his great good fortune that he had secured for ever to himself the true-hearted girl who now sat opposite him, with the moonlight touching her face and hair; and he was laughing to himself at the notion that he did not properly appreciate her, or understand her, or perceive her real character. If not he, who then? Had he not watched every turn of her disposition, every expression of her wishes, every grace of her manner, and look of her eyes; and was he not overjoyed to find that the more he knew of her the more he loved her? Marriage had increased, rather than diminished, the mystery and wonder he had woven about her. He was more her lover now than he had been before his marriage. Who could see in her eyes what he saw? Elderly folks can look at a girl's eyes, and see that they are brown, or blue, or green, as the case may be; but the lover looks at them and sees in them the magic mirror of a hundred possible worlds. How can he fathom the sea of dreams that lies there. or tell what strange fancies and remi-

niscences may be involved in an absent look? Is she thinking of starlit nights on some distant lake; or of the old bygone days on the hills? All her former life is told there, and yet but half-told, and he longs to become possessed of all the beautiful past that she has seen. Here is a constant mystery to him, and there is a singular and wistful attraction for him in those still deeps where the thoughts and dreams of an innocent soul lie but half revealed. He does not see those things in the eves of women he is not in love with; but when, in after years, he is carelessly regarding this or the other woman, some chance look-some brief and sudden turn of expression-will recall to him, as with a stroke of lightning, all the old wonder-time, and his heart will go nigh to breaking to think that he has grown old, that he has forgotten so much, and that the fair, wild days of romance and longing are passed away for ever.

"Ingram thinks I don't understand you yet, Sheila," he said to her, after they had got home, and their friend had

gone.

Sheila only laughed, and said—
"I don't understand myself, sometimes."

"Eh? what?" he cried. "Do you mean to say that I have married a conundrum? If I have, I don't mean to give you up, any way; so you may go and get me a biscuit, and a drop of the whisky we brought from the North with us."

#### CHAPTER XI.

## THE FIRST PLUNGE.

Frank Lavender was a good deal more concerned than he chose to show about the effect that Sheila was likely to produce on his aunt; and when, at length, the day arrived on which the young folks were to go down to Kensington Gore, he had inwardly to confess that Sheila seemed a great deal less perturbed than himself. Her perfect calmness and self-possession surprised him. The manner in which she had dressed herself, with certain

modifications which he could not help approving, according to the fashion of the time, seemed to him a miracle of dexterity; and how had she acquired the art of looking at ease in this attire, which was much more cumbrous than that she had usually worn in Borva?

If Lavender had but known the truth, he would have begun to believe something of what Ingram had vaguely This poor girl was looking towards her visit to Kensington Gore as the most painful trial of her life. While she was outwardly calm and firm, and even cheerful, her heart sank within her as she thought of the dreaded interview. Those garments which she wore with such an appearance of ease and comfort had been the result of many an hour of anxiety; for how was she to tell, from her husband's raillery, what colours the terrible old lady in Kensington would probably He did not know that every word he said in joke about his aunt's temper, her peevish ways, the awful consequences of offending her, and so forth, were like so many needles stuck into the girl's heart, until she was ready to cry out to be released from this fearful Moreover, as the day came ordeal. near, what he could not see in her, she Was she likely to be saw in him. reassured when she perceived that her husband, in spite of all his fun, was really anxious; and when she knew that some blunder on her part might ruin him? In fact, if he had suspected for a moment that she was really trembling to think of what might happen, he might have made some effort to give her courage. But apparently Sheila was as cool and collected as if she had been going to see John He believed she could the Piper. have gone to be presented to the Queen without a single tremor of the heart.

Still, he was a man, and therefore bound to assume an air of patronage.

"She won't eat you, really," he said to Sheila, as they were driving in a hansom down Kensington Palace Gardens. "All you have got to do is to believe in her theories of food. She won't make you a martyr to them. She measures every half-ounce of what she eats; but she won't starve you, and I am glad to think, Sheila, that you have brought a remarkably good and sensible appetite with you from Lewis. Oh, by the way, take care you say nothing against Marcus Aurelius."

"I don't know who he was, dear,"

observed Sheila, meekly.

"He was a Roman Emperor, and a philosopher. I suppose it was because he was an Emperor that he found it easy to be a philosopher. However, my aunt is awful nuts on Marcus Aurelius—I beg your pardon, you don't know the phrase. My aunt makes Marcus Aurelius her Bible, and she is sure to read you bits from him, which you must believe, you know."

"I will try," said Sheila, doubtfully,

"but if-"

"Oh, it has nothing to do with religion. I don't think anybody knows what Marcus Aurelius means, so you may as well believe it. Ingram swears by him, but he is always full of odd crotchets."

"Does Mr. Ingram believe in Marcus Aurelius ?" said Sheila, with some acces-

sion of interest.

"Why, he gave my aunt the book years ago—confound him!—and ever since she has been a nuisance to her friends. For my own part, you know, I don't believe that Marcus Aurelius was quite such an ass as Plato. He talks the same sort of perpetual commonplaces, but it isn't about the True, and the Good, and the Beautiful. Would you like me to repeat to you one of the Dialogues of Plato—about the immortality of Mr. Cole, and the moral effect of the South Kensington Museum?"

"No, dear, I shouldn't," said Sheila.
"You deprive yourself of a treat, but never mind. Here we are at my aunt's

house."

Sheila timidly glanced at the place, while her husband paid the cabman. It was a tall, narrow, dingy-looking house of dark brick, with some blackgreen ivy at the foot of the walls, and with crimson curtains formally arranged in every one of the windows. If Mrs. Lavender was a rich old lady, why did she live in such a gloomy building? Sheila had seen beautiful white houses in all parts of London—her own house, for example, was ever so much more cheerful than this one; and yet she had heard with awe of the value of this depressing little mansion in Kensington Gore.

The door was opened by a man, who showed them upstairs, and announced their names. Sheila's heart beat quickly. She entered the drawing-room with a sort of mist before her eyes; and found herself going forward to a lady who sat at the further end. She had a strangely vivid impression, amid all her alarm, that this old lady looked like the withered kernel of a nut. Or was she not like a cockatoo? It was through no anticipation of dislike to Mrs. Lavender that the imagination of the girl got hold of that notion. But the little old lady held her head like a cockatoo. She had the hard, staring, observant and unimpressionable eyes of a cockatoo. What was there, moreover, about the decorations of her head that reminded one of a cockatoo when it puts up its crest and causes its feathers to look like sticks of celery?

"Aunt Lavender, this is my wife."
"I am glad to see you, dear," said the old lady, giving her hand, but not rising.
"Sit down. When you are a little nervous, you ought to sit down. Frank, give me that ammonia from the mantel-

piece."

It was in a small glass phial, and labelled "Poison." She smelt the stopper, and then handed it to Sheila, telling her to do the same.

"Why did your maid do your hair in such a way?" she asked, suddenly.

"I haven't got a maid," said Sheila, "and I always do my hair so."

"Don't be offended. I like it. But you must not make a fool of yourself. Your hair is too much that of a country beauty going to a ball. Paterson will show you how to do your hair."

"Oh, I say, aunt," cried Lavender, with a fine show of carelessness, "you mustn't go and spoil her hair. I think it is very pretty as it is; and that woman of yours would simply go and make a mop of it. You'd think the girls nowa-days dressed their hair by shoving their head into a furze-bush and giving it a couple of turns."

She paid no heed to him; but turned

to Sheila, and said-

"You are an only child."

"Yes."

"Why did you leave your father?"

The question was rather a cruel one; and it stung Sheila into answering bravely-

"Because my husband wished me."

"Oh. You think your husband is to be the first law of your life ?"

"Yes, I do."

"Even when he is only silly Frank Lavender!"

Sheila rose. There was a quivering of her lips, but no weakness in the proud, indignant look of her eyes.

"What you may say of me, that I do But I will not remain to not care.

hear my husband insulted."

"Sheila," said Lavender, vexed and anxious and yet pleased at the same time by the courage of the girl. "Sheila, it is only a joke-you must not mindit is only a bit of fun-"

"I do not understand such jests," she

said, calmly.

"Sit down, like a good girl," said the old lady, with an air of absolute indifference. "I did not mean to offend you. Sit down, and be quiet. You will destroy your nervous system if you give way to such impulses. I think you are healthy; I like the look of you; but you will never reach a good age, as I hope to do, except by moderating your passions. That is well: now take the ammonia again, and give it to You don't wish to die young, I suppose ?"

"I am not afraid of dying," said

Sheila.

"Ring the bell, Frank."

He did so, and a tall, spare, gravefaced woman appeared.

"Paterson, you must put luncheon on to two ten. I ordered it at one fifty. did I not?"

"Yes, m'm."

"See that it is served at two ten; and take this young lady and get her hair properly done, you understand? My nephew and I will wait luncheon for her.'

" Yes, m'm."

Sheila rose, with a great swelling in her throat. All her courage had ebbed away. She had reflected how pained her husband would be if she did not please this old lady; and she was now prepared to do anything she was told, to receive meekly any remarks that might be made to her, to be quite obedient, and gentle, and submissive. But what was this tall and terrible woman going to do to her? Did she really mean to cut away those great masses of hair to which Mrs. Lavender had objected? Sheila would have let her hair be cut willingly, for her husband's sake; but, as she went to the door, some wild and despairing notion came into her head of what her husband might think of her, when once she was shorn of this beautiful personal feature. Would he look at her with surpriseperhaps even with disappointment?

"Mind you don't keep luncheon late," he said to her, as she passed him.

She but indistinctly heard him, so great was the trembling within her. Her father would scarcely know his altered Sheila, when she went back to Borva; and what would Mairi say-Mairi who had many a time helped her to arrange those long tresses, and who was as proud of them as if they were her own? She followed Mrs. Lavender's tall maid up-stairs. She entered a small dressing-room, and glanced nervously round. Then she suddenly turned, looked for a moment at the woman, and said, with tears rushing up into her eyes-

"Does Mrs. Lavender wish me to

cut my hair ?"

The woman regarded her with astonishment.

"Cut, miss !- ma'am, I beg your

pardon. No, ma'am, not at all. I suppose it is only some difference in the arrangement, ma'am. Mrs. Lavender is very particular about the hair; and she has asked me to show several ladies how to dress their hair in the way she likes. But perhaps you would prefer letting it remain as it is, ma'am?"

"Oh no, not at all!" said Sheila, "I should like to have it just as Mrs. Lavender wishes—in every way just as she wishes. Only, it will not be

necessary to cut any ?"

"Oh no, miss—ma'am; and it would be a great pity, if I may say so, to cut

your hair."

Sheila was pleased to hear that. Here was a woman who had a large experience in such matters, among those very ladies of her husband's social circle whom she had been a little afraid to meet. Mrs. Paterson seemed to admire her hair as much as the simple Mairi had done; and Sheila soon began to have less fear of this terrible tiringwoman, who forthwith proceeded with her task.

The young wife went down-stairs with a tower upon her head. She was very uncomfortable. She had seen, it is true, that this method of dressing the hair really became her-or, rather, would become her in certain circum-It was grand, imposing, statuesque; but then she did not feel statuesque just at this moment. She could have dressed herself to suit this style of hair; she could have worn it with confidence if she had got it up herself; but here she was the victim of an experiment-she felt like a schoolgirl about for the first time to appear in public in a long dress-and she was terribly afraid her husband would laugh at her. If he had any such inclination, he courteously suppressed it. He said the massive simplicity of this dressing of the hair suited her admirably. Lavender said that Paterson was an invaluable woman; and then they went down to the dining-room on the groundfloor, where luncheon had been laid.

The man who had opened the door waited on the two strangers; the in-

valuable Paterson acted as a sort of henchwoman to her mistress, standing by her chair, and supplying her wants. She also had the management of a small pair of silver scales, in which pretty nearly everything that Mrs. Lavender took in the way of solid food was carefully and accurately weighed. The conversation was chiefly alimentary; and Sheila listened with a growing wonder to the description of the devices by which the ladies of Mrs. Lavender's acquaintance were wont to cheat fatigue, or win an appetite, or preserve their colour. When, by accident, the girl herself was appealed to, she had to confess to an astonishing ignorance of all such resources. She knew nothing of the relative strengths and effects of wines : though she was frankly ready to make any experiment her husband recommended. She knew what camphor was, but had never heard of bismuth. On cross-examination, she had to admit that eau-de-Cologne did not seem to her likely to be a pleasant liquor before going to a ball. Did she not know the effect on brown hair of washing it in soda-water every night? She was equably confessing her ignorance on all such points, when she was startled by a sudden question from Mrs. Lavender. Did she know what she was doing?

She looked at her plate; there was on it a piece of cheese to which she had thoughtlessly helped herself. Somebody had called it Roquefort—that was all she

knew.

"You have as much there, child, as would kill a ploughman; and I suppose you would not have had the sense to leave it."

"Is it poison ?" said Sheila, regarding

her plate with horror.

"All cheese is. Paterson, my scales."
She had Sheila's plate brought to her, and the proper modicum of cheese cut, weighed, and sent back.

"Remember, whatever house you are at, never to have more Roquefort than

that."

"It would be simpler to do without it," said Sheila.

"It would be simple enough to do

without a great many things," said Mrs. Lavender, severely. "But the wisdom of living is to enjoy as many different things as possible, so long as you do so in moderation, and preserve your health. You are young—you don't think of such things. You think, because you have good teeth and a clear complexion, you can eat anything. But that won't last. A time will come. Do you not know what the great Emperor, Marcus Antoninus, says?—'In a little while thou wilt be nobody and nowhere, like Hadrianus and Augustus.'"

"Yes," said Sheila.

She had not enjoyed her luncheon much—she would rather have had a ham sandwich and a glass of spring water on the side of a Highland hill than this varied and fastidious repast accompanied by a good deal of physiology—but it was too bad that, having successfully got through it, she should be threatened with annihilation immediately afterwards. It was no sort of consolation to her to know that she would be in the same plight with two emperors.

"Frank, you can go and smoke a cigar in the conservatory, if you please. Your wife will come upstairs with me

and have a talk."

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Sheila would much rather have gone into the conservatory also; but she obediently followed Mrs. Lavender upstairs and into the drawing-room. was rather a melancholy chamber—the curtains shutting out most of the daylight, and leaving you in a semi-darkness that made the place look big, and vague, and spectral. The little, shrivelled woman, with the hard and staring eyes, and silver-grey hair, bade Sheila sit down beside her. She herself sat by a small table, on which there were a tiny pair of scales, a bottle of ammonia, a fan, and a book bound in an old-fashioned binding of scarlet morocco and gold. Sheila wished this old woman would not look at her so. She wished there was a window open, or a glint of sunlight coming in somewhere. But she was glad that her husband was enjoying himself in the conservatory; and that for two reasons. One of them was that No. 165 .- vol. xxvIII.

she did not like the tone of his talk while he and his aunt had been conversing together about cosmetics and such matters. Not only did he betray a marvellous acquaintance with such things, but he seemed to take an odd sort of pleasure in exhibiting his knowledge. He talked in a mocking way about the tricks of fashionable women that Sheila did not quite like; and of course she naturally threw the blame on Mrs. Lavender. It was only when this old lady exerted a godless influence over him that her good boy talked in such a fashion. There was nothing of that about him up in Lewis, nor yet at home, in a certain snug little smokingroom which these two had come to consider the most comfortable corner in the house. Sheila began to hate women who used lip-salve, and silently recorded a vow that never, never, never would she wear anybody's hair but her

"Do you suffer from headaches?" said Mrs. Lavender, abruptly.

"Sometimes," said Sheila.

"How often? What is an average? Two a week?"

"Oh, sometimes I have not a headache for three or four months at a time."

" No toothache ?"

" No."

"What did your mother die of?"

"It was a fever," said Sheila, in a low voice, "and she caught it while she was helping a family that was very bad with the fever."

"Does your father ever suffer from rheumatism ?"

"No," said Sheila. "My papa is the strongest man in the Lewis, I am sure of that."

"But the strongest of us, you know," said Mrs. Lavender, looking hardly at the girl, "the strongest of us will die and go into the general order of the universe; and it is a good thing for you that, as you say, you are not afraid. Why should you be afraid? Listen to this passage."

She opened the red book, and guided herself to a certain page by one of a

series of coloured ribbons.

" 'He who fears death either fears the loss of sensation or a different kind of sensation. But if thou shalt have no sensation, neither wilt thou feel any harm ; and if thou shalt acquire another kind of sensation, thou wilt be a different kind of living being, and thou wilt not cease to Do you perceive the wisdom of that ?"

"Yes," said Sheila, and her own voice seemed hollow and strange to her in this big and dimly-lit chamber. Mrs. Lavender turned over a few more pages, and proceeded to read again; and as she did so, in a slow, unsympathetic, monotonous voice, a spell came over the girl, the weight at her heart grew more and more intolerable, and the room

seemed to grow darker.

" Short then is the time which every man lives, and small the nook of the earth where he lives; and short too the longest posthumous fame, and even this only continued by a succession of poor human beings, who will very soon die, and who know not even themselves, much less him who died long ago.' You cannot do better than ask your husband to buy you a copy of this book, and give it special study. It will comfort you in affliction, and reconcile you to whatever may happen to you. Listen. 'Soon will the earth cover us all; then the earth, too, will change, and the things also which result from change will continue to change for ever, and these again for ever. For if a man reflects on the changes and transformations which follow one another like wave after wave and their rapidity, he will despise every thing which is perishable.' Do you understand that ?'

"Yes," said Sheila; and it seemed to her that she was being suffocated. Would not the grey walls burst asunder and show her one glimpse of the blue sky before she sank into unconsciousness? The monotonous tones of this old woman's voice sounded like the repetition of a psalm over a coffin. It was as if she was already shut out from life, and could only hear in a vague way the dismal words being chanted over her by the people in the other world. She rose, steadied herself for a moment by

placing her hand on the back of the chair, and managed to say-

"Mrs. Lavender, forgive me for one moment; I wish to speak to my husband."

She went to the door-Mrs. Lavender being too surprised to follow her-and made her way down-stairs. She had seen the conservatory at the end of a certain passage. She reached it; and then she scarcely knew any more, except that her husband caught her in his arms as she cried-

"Oh, Frank, Frank, take me away from this house-I am afraid: it terri-

fies me!"

"Sheila, what on earth is the matter? Here, come out to the fresh air. By Jove, how pale you are! Will you have some water?"

He could not get to understand thoroughly what had occurred. What he clearly did learn from Sheila's disjointed and timid explanations was that there had been another "scene," and he knew that of all things in the world his aunt hated "scenes" the worst. As soon as he saw that there was little the matter with Sheila beyond considerable mental perturbation, he could not help addressing some little remonstrance to her, and reminding her how necessary it was that she should not offend the old lady upstairs.

"You should not be so excitable, Sheila," he said. "You take such exaggerated notions about things. I am sure my aunt meant nothing unkind. And what did you say when you came away?"

"I said I wanted to see you. Are

you angry with me?"

"No, of course not. But then, you see, it is a little vexing-just at this moment- Well, let us go upstairs at once, and try and make up some excuse, like a good girl-say you felt faint-anything-

"And you will come with me?"

"Yes. Now do try, Sheila, to make friends with my aunt. She's not such a bad sort of creature as you seem to think. She's been very kind to meshe'll be very kind to you when she knows you more."

Fortunately no excuse was necessary; for Mrs. Lavender, in Sheila's absence, had arrived at the conclusion that the girl's temporary faintness was due to that piece of Roquefort.

"You see you must be careful," she said, when they entered the room. "You are unaccustomed to a great many things

you will like afterwards."

"And the room is a little close," said Lavender.

"I don't think so," said his aunt, sharply; "look at the thermometer."

"I didn't mean for you and me, Aunt Lavender," he said, "but for her. Sheila has been accustomed to live almost

wholly in the open air."

"The open air, in moderation, is an excellent thing. I go out myself every afternoon, wet or dry. And I was going to propose, Frank, that you should leave her here with me for the afternoon, and come back and dine with us at seven. I am going out at four thirty, and she could go with me."

"It's very kind of you, Aunt Caroline; but we have promised to call on some people close by here at four."

Sheila looked up, frightened. The statement was an audacious perversion of the truth. But then, Frank Lavender knew very well what his aunt meant by going into the open air every afternoon, wet or dry. At a certain hour her brougham was brought round; she got into it, and had both doors and windows hermetically sealed; and then, in a semi-somnolent state—she was driven slowly and monotonously round the Park. How would Sheila fare if she were shut up in this box? He told a lie with great equanimity, and saved her.

Then Sheila was taken away to get on her things; and her husband waited, with some little trepidation, to hear what his aunt would say about her. He had

not long to wait.

"She's got a bad temper, Frank."

"Oh, I don't think so, Aunt Lavender," he said, considerably startled.
"Mark my words, she's got a bad temper, and she is not nearly so soft as

she tries to make out. That girl has a great deal of firmness, Frank." "I find her as gentle and submissive as a girl could be—a little too gentle, perhaps, and anxious to study the wishes of other folks."

"That is all very well with you. You are her master. She is not likely to quarrel with her bread and butter. But you'll see if she does not hold her own when she gets among your friends."

"I hope she will hold her own," he said, with some unnecessary emphasis. The old lady only shook her head.

"I am sorry you should have taken a prejudice against her, aunt," said he, presently.

"I take a prejudice! Don't let me hear the word again, Frank. You know I have no prejudices. If I cannot give you a reason for anything I believe, then I cease to believe it."

"You have not heard her sing," he said, suddenly remembering that this means of conquering the old lady had

been neglected,

"I have no doubt she has many accomplishments," said Mrs. Lavender, coldly. "In time, I suppose, she will get over that extraordinary accent she has."

"Many people like it."

"I dare say you do, at present. But you may tire of it. You married her in a hurry; and you have not got rid of your romance yet. At the same time, I dare say she is a very good sort of girl, and will not disgrace you, if you instruct her and manage her properly. But remember my words, she has a temper, and you will find it out if you thwart her."

How sweet and fresh the air was, even in Kensington, when Sheila, having dressed and come down stairs, and after having dutifully kissed Mrs. Lavender and bade her good-bye, went outside with her husband. It was like coming back to the light of day from inside the imaginary coffin in which she had fancied herself placed. A soft west wind was blowing over the Park, and a fairly clear sunlight shining on the May green of the trees. And then she hung on her husband's arm; and she had him to speak to instead of the terrible old woman who talked about dying.

And yet she hoped she had not offended Mrs. Lavender, for Frank's sake. What he thought about the matter he prudently resolved to conceal.

"Do you know that you have greatly pleased my aunt?" he said, without the least compunction. He knew that if he breathed the least hint about what had actually been said, any possible amity between the two women would be rendered impossible for ever.

"Have I really?" said Sheila, very much astonished, but never thinking for a moment of doubting anything said

by her husband.

"Oh, she likes you awfully!" he

said, with an infinite coolness.

"I am so glad!" said Sheila, with her face brightening. "I was so afraid, dear. I had offended her. She did not

look pleased with me."

By this time they had got into a hansom, and were driving down to the South Kensington Museum. Lavender would have preferred going into the Park; but what if his aunt, in driving by, were to see them? He explained to Sheila the absolute necessity of his having to tell that fib about the four o'clock engagement: and when she heard described the drive in the closed brougham which she had escaped, perhaps she was not so greatly inclined as she ought to have been to protest against that piece of wickedness.

"Oh yes, she likes you awfully," he repeated, "and you must get to like her. Don't be frightened by her harsh way of saying things; it is only a mannerism. She is really a kind-hearted woman, and would do anything for me. That's her best feature, looking at her character

from my point of view."

"How often must we go to see her?"

asked Sheila.

"Oh, not very often. But she will get up dinner-parties, at which you will be introduced to batches of her friends. And then the best thing you can do is to put yourself under her instructions, and take her advice about your dress and such matters just as you did about your hair. That was very good of you."

"I am glad you were pleased with

me," said Sheila. "I will do what I can to like her. But she must talk more respectfully of you."

Lavender laughed that little matter off as a joke; but it was far from being a joke to Sheila. She would try to like that old woman—yes; her duty to her husband demanded that she should. But there are some things which a wife—especially a girl who has been newly made a wife—will never forget; which, on the contrary, she will remember with burning cheeks, and anger, and indignation.

#### CHAPTER XII.

#### TRANSFORMATION.

HAD she, then, Lavender could not help asking himself, a bad temper, or any other qualities or characteristics which were apparent to other people but not to him? Was it possible that, after all, Ingram was right; and that he had yet to learn the nature of the girl he had married? It would be unfair to say that he suspected something wrong about his wife-that he fancied she had managed to conceal something-merely because Mrs. Lavender had said that Sheila had a bad temper: but here was another person who maintained that, when the days of his romance were over, he would see the girl in another

Nav. as he continued to ask himself. had not the change already begun? He grew less and less accustomed to see in Sheila a beautiful wild sea-bird that had fluttered down, for a time, into a strange home in the South. He had not quite forgotten or abandoned those imaginative scenes in which the wonderful Sea-Princess was to enter crowded drawingrooms and have all the world standing back to regard her and admire her, and sing her praises. But now he was not so sure that that would be the result of Sheila's entrance into society. As the date of a certain small dinner-party drew near, he began to wish she was more like the women he knew. He did not object to her strange, sweet ways of speech, nor to her odd likes and dislikes, nor even to an unhesitating frankness that nearly approached rudeness sometimes in its scorn of all compromise with the truth; but how would others regard these things? He did not wish to gain the reputation of having married an oddity.

"Sheila," he said, on the morning of the day on which they were going to this dinner-party, "you should not say like-a-ness. There are only two syllables in likeness. It really does sound absurd

to hear you say like a-ness."

She looked up to him, with a quick trouble in her eyes. When had he objected to her manner of speaking before? And then she cast down her eyes again, and said, submissively—

"I will try not to speak like that. When you go out, I take a book and read aloud, and try to speak like you; but I cannot learn all at once."

"I don't mind," he said, in an apologetic fashion; and he took her hand as if to show that he meant no unkindness. "But you know other people must think it so odd. I wonder why you should always say gyarden for garden now, when it is just as easy to say garden."

Once upon a time he had said there was no English like the English spoken in Lewis, and had singled out this very word as typical of one peculiarity in the pronunciation. But Sheila did not remind him of that. She only said, in the same simple fashion,—

"If you will tell me my faults, I will

try to correct them."

She turned away from him, to get an envelope for a letter she had been writing to her father. He fancied something was wrong, and perhaps some touch of compunction smote him, for he went after her, and took her hand again, and said, gently,—

"Look here, Sheila. When I point out any trifles like that, you must not call them faults, and fancy I have any serious complaint to make. It is for your own good that you should meet the people who will be your friends on

equal terms, and give them as little as

"I should not mind their talking about me," said Sheila, with her eyes still cast down; "but it is your wife they must not talk about, and, if you will tell me anything I do wrong, I will correct it."

"Oh, you must not think it is anything so serious as that. You will soon pick up from the ladies you may meet some notion of how you differ from them; and if you should startle or puzzle them a little at first by talking about the chances of the fishing, or the catching of wild duck, or the way to reclaim bog-land, you will soon get over all that."

Sheila said nothing; but she made a mental memorandum of three things she was not to speak about. She did not know why these subjects should be forbidden; but she was in a strange land, and going to see strange people, whose habits were different from hers. Moreover, when her husband had gone, she reflected that these people, having no fishing, and no peat-mosses, and no wild duck, could not possibly be interested in such affairs; and thus she fancied she perceived the reason why she should avoid all mention of those

things.

When, in the evening, Sheila came down dressed and ready to go out, Lavender had to admit to himself that he had married an exceedingly beautiful girl, and that there was no country awkwardness about her manner, and no placid insipidity about her proud and handsome face. For one brief moment he triumphed in his heart, and had some wild glimpse of his old project of startling his small world with this vision from the northern seas. when he got into the hired brougham, and thought of the people he was about to meet, and of the manner in which they would carry away such and such impressions of the girl, he lost faith He would much in that project. rather have had Sheila unnoticeable and unnoticed-one who would quietly take her place at the dinner-table and

attract no more special attention than the flowers, for example, which everyone would glance at with some satisfaction and then forget in the interest of talking and dining. He knew that Ingram would have taken Sheila anywhere, in her blue serge dress, and been quite content and oblivious of observation. But then Ingram was independent of those social circles in which a married man must move, and in which his position is often defined for him by the disposition and manners of his wife. Ingram did not know how women talked. It was for Sheila's own sake, he persuaded himself, that he was anxious about the impression she should make, and that he had drilled her in all that she should do and say.

"Above all things," he said, "mind you take no notice of me. Another man will take you in to dinner, of course; and I shall take in somebody else; and we shall not be near each other. But it's after dinner, I mean—when the men go into the drawing-room, don't you come and speak to me, or take any

notice of me whatever."

"Mayn't I look at you, Frank ?"

"If you do, you'll have half-a-dozen people, all watching you, saying to themselves or to each other, 'Poor thing, she hasn't got over her infatuation yet. Isn't it pretty to see how naturally her eyes turn towards him'?"

"But I shouldn't mind them saying that," said Sheila, with a smile.

"Oh, you mustn't be pitied in that fashion. Let them keep their com-

passion to themselves,"

"Do you know, dear," said Sheila, very quietly, "that I think you exaggerate the interest people will take in me. I don't think I can be of such importance to them. I don't think they will be watching me as you fancy."

"Oh, you don't know," he said. "I know they fancy I have done something romantic, heroic, and all that kind of thing, and they are curious to see you."

"They cannot hurt me by looking at me," said Sheila, simply. "And they will soon find out how little there is to discover." The house being in Holland Park, they had not far to go; and just as they were driving up to the door, a young man, slight, sandy-haired, and stooping, got out of a hansom and crossed the payement.

"By Jove," said Lavender, "there is Redburn. That is Lord Arthur Redburn, Sheila: mind, if you should talk to him, not to call him 'my lord."

Sheila laughed, and said-

"How am I to remember all these

things ?"

They got into the house, and by and by Lavender found himself, with Sheila on his arm, entering a drawing-room to present her to certain of his friends. It was a large room, with a great deal of gilding and colour about it, and with a conservatory at the further end; but the blaze of light had not so bewildering an effect on Sheila's eyes as the appearance of two ladies to whom she was now introduced. She had heard much about them. She was curious to see them. Many a time had she thought over the strange story Lavender had told her of the woman who heard that her husband was dving in hospital during the war, and started off, herself and her daughter, to find him out-how there was in the same hospital another dying man whom they had known some years before, and who had gone away because this daughter would not listen to him-how this man, being very near to death, begged that the girl would do him the last favour he would ask of her, of wearing his name and inheriting his property; and how, some few hours after the strange and sad ceremony had been performed, he breathed his last, happy in holding her hand. The father died next day; and the two widows were thrown upon the world, almost without friends, but not without means. This man Lorraine had been possessed of considerable wealth; and the girl who had suddenly become mistress of it found herself able to employ all possible methods in assuaging her mother's grief. They began to travel. The two women went from capital to capital, until at last they came to London; and here, having gathered around them a considerable number of friends, they proposed to take up their residence permanently. Lavender had often talked to Sheila about Mrs. Lorraine—about her shrewdness, her sharp sayings, and the odd contrast between this clever, keen, frank woman of the world and the woman one would have expected to be

the heroine of a pathetic tale.

But were there two Mrs. Lorraines? That had been Sheila's first question to herself when, after having been introduced to one lady under that name, she suddenly saw before her another, who was introduced to her as Mrs. Kavanagh. The mother and daughter were singularly alike. They had the same slight and graceful figure, which made them appear taller than they really were; the same pale, fine, and rather handsome features; the same large, clear, grey eyes; and apparently the same abundant mass of soft fair hair, heavily plaited in They were both the latest fashion, dressed entirely in black, except that the daughter had a band of blue round her slender waist. It was soon apparent, too, that the manner of the two women was singularly different; Mrs. Kavanagh bearing herself with a certain sad reserve that almost approached melancholy at times, while her daughter, with more life and spirit in her face, passed rapidly through all sorts of varying moods, until one could scarcely tell whether the affectation lay in a certain cynical audacity in her speech, or whether it lay in her assumption of a certain covness and archness, or whether there was no affectation at all in the matter. However that might be, there could be no doubt about the sincerity of those grey eyes of hers. There was something almost cruelly frank in the clear look of them; and when her face was not lit up by some passing smile, the pale and fine features seemed to borrow something of severity from her unflinching, calm, and dispassionate habit of regarding those around her.

Sheila was prepared to like Mrs. Lorraine from the first moment she had caught sight of her. The honesty of the grey eyes attracted her. And, indeed, the young widow seemed very much interested in the young wife, and, so far as she could in that awkward period just before dinner, strove to make friends with her. Sheila was introduced to a number of people, but none of them pleased her so well as Mrs. Lorraine. Then dinner was announced, and Sheila found that she was being escorted across the passage to the room on the other side by the young man whom she had

seen get out of the hansom.

This Lord Arthur Redburn was the younger son of a great Tory Duke : he represented in the House a small country borough which his father practically owned; he had a fair amount of ability, an uncommonly high opinion of himself, and a certain affectation of being bored by the frivolous ways and talk of ordinary society. He gave himself credit for being the clever member of the family; and, if there was any cleverness going, he had it; but there were some who said that his reputation in the House and elsewhere as a good speaker was mainly based on the fact that he had an abundant assurance and was not easily put out. Unfortunately the public could come to no decision on the point, for the reporters were not kind to Lord Arthur; and the substance of his speeches was as unknown to the world as his manner of delivering them.

Now Mrs. Lorraine had intended to tell this young man something about the girl whom he was to take in to dinner; but she herself had been so occupied with Sheila that the opportunity escaped her. Lord Arthur accordingly knew only that he was beside a very pretty woman, who was a Mrs. Somebody—the exact name he had not caught—and that the few words she had spoken were pronounced in a curious way. Probably, he thought, she was from Dublin.

He also arrived at the conclusion that she was too pretty to know anything about the Deceased Wife's Sister Bill, in which he was, for family reasons, deeply interested; and considered it more likely that she would prefer to talk about theatres and such things.

"Were you at Covent Garden last

night?" he said.

"No," answered Sheila. "But I was there two days ago, and it is very pretty to see the flowers and the fruit, and they smell so sweetly as you walk through."

"Oh yes, it is delightful," said Lord Arthur. "But I was speaking of the

theatre."

"Is there a theatre in there?"

He stared at her, and inwardly hoped she was not mad.

"Not in among the shops, no. But don't you know Covent Garden Theatre ?"

"I have never been in any theatre,

not yet," said Sheila.

And then it began to dawn upon him that he must be talking to Frank Lavender's wife. Was there not some rumour about the girl having come from a remote part of the Highlands? He determined on a bold stroke,

"You have not been long enough in London to see the theatres, I suppose."

And then Sheila, taking it for granted that he knew her husband very well, and that he was quite familiar with all the circumstances of the case, began to chat to him freely enough. He found that this Highland girl of whom he had heard vaguely was not at all shy. He began to feel interested. By and by he actually made efforts to assist her trankness by becoming equally frank, and by telling her all he knew of the things with which they were mutually acquainted. Of course, by this time, they had got up into the Highlands. young man had himself been in the Highlands-frequently, indeed. had never crossed to Lewis, but he had seen the island from the Sutherlandshire There were very many deer in Sutherlandshire, were there not? Yes, he had been out a great many times, and had his share of adventures. Had he not gone out before daylight, and waited on the top of a hill, hidden by some rocks, to watch the mists clear along the hill-sides and in the valley below? Did

not he tremble when he fired his first shot, and had not something passed before his eyes so that he could not see for a moment whether the stag had fallen or was away like lightning down the bed of the stream? Somehow or other Lord Arthur found himself relating all his experiences as if he were a novice begging for the good opinion of a master. She knew all about it, obviously; and he would tell her his small adventures, if only that she might laugh at him. But Sheila did not laugh. She was greatly delighted to have this talk about the hills, and the deer, and the wet mornings. She forgot all about the dinner before her. The servants whipped off successive plates without her seeing anything of them; they received random answers about wine, so that she had three full glasses standing by her untouched. She was no more in Holland Park at that moment than were the wild animals of which she spoke so proudly and lovingly. If the great and frail masses of flowers on the table brought her any perfume at all, it was a scent of peat-smoke. Lord Arthur thought that his companion was a little too frank and confiding; or rather that she would have been, had she been talking to anyone but himself. He rather liked it. He was pleased to have established friendly relations with a pretty woman in so short a space; but ought not her husband to give her a hint about not admitting all and sundry to the enjoyment of these favours ? Perhaps, too, Lord Arthur felt bound to admit to himself there were some men who more than others inspired confidence in women. He laid no claims to being a fascinating person; but he had had his share of success; and considered that Sheila showed discrimination as well as good-nature in talking so to him. There was, after all, no necessity for her husband to warn her. She would know how to guard against admitting all men to a like intimacy. In the meantime, he was very well pleased to be sitting beside this pretty and agreeable companion, who had an abundant fund of good spirits, and who showed no sort of conscious embarrassment in thanking you with a bright look of her eyes or by a smile when you told her something that pleased or amused her.

But these flattering little speculations were doomed to receive a sudden check. The juvenile M.P. began to remark that a shade occasionally crossed the face of his fair companion; and that she sometimes looked a little anxiously across the table, where Mr. Lavender and Mrs. Lorraine were seated, half-hidden from view by a heap of silver and flowers in the middle of the board. But though they could not easily be seen, except at such moments as they turned to address some neighbour, they could be distinctly enough heard, when there was any lull in the general conversation. And what Sheila heard did not please her. She began to like that fair, clear-eyed young woman less. Perhaps her husband meant nothing by the fashion in which he talked of marriage, and the condition of a married man; but she would rather have not heard him talk so. Moreover. she was aware that, in the gentlest possible fashion, Mrs. Lorraine was making fun of her companion, and exposing him to small and graceful shafts of ridicule; while he seemed, on the whole, to enjoy these attacks,

The ingenuous self-love of Lord Arthur Redburn, M.P., was severely wounded by the notion that, after all, he had been made a cat's-paw of by a jealous wife. He had been flattered by this girl's exceeding friendliness; he had given her credit for a genuine impulsiveness which seemed to him as pleasing as it was uncommon; and he had, with the moderation expected of a man in politics, who hoped some day to assist in the government of the nation by accepting a Junior Lordship, admired her. But was it all pretence ? Was she paying court to him merely to annoy her husband? Had her enthusiasm about the shooting of red deer been prompted by a wish to attract a certain pair of eyes at the other side of the table? Lord Arthur began to sneer at himself for having been duped. He ought to have known. Women were as much

women in a Hebridean island as in Bayswater. He began to treat Sheila with a little more coolness; while she became more and more pre-occupied with the couple across the table, and sometimes was innocently rude in answering his questions somewhat at random.

When the ladies were going into the drawing-room, Mrs. Lorraine put her hand within Sheila's arm, and led her to the entrance of the conservatory.

"I hope we shall be friends," she

said.

"I hope so," said Sheila, not very warmly.

"Until you get better acquainted with your husband's friends, you will feel rather lonely at being left as at present, I suppose."

"A little," said Sheila.

"It is a silly thing, altogether. If men smoked after dinner, I could understand it. But they merely sit, looking at wine they don't drink, talking a few commonplaces, and yawning."

"Why do they do it, then?" said

Sheila.

"They don't do it everywhere. But here we keep to the manners and customs of the ancients."

"What do you know about the manners of the ancients?" said Mrs. Kavanagh, tapping her daughter's shoulder, as she passed with a sheet of music.

"I have studied them frequently, mamma," said the daughter with composure,—"in the monkey-house at the

Zoological Gardens."

The mamma smiled and passed on to place the music on the piano. Sheila did not understand what her companion had said; and, indeed, Mrs. Lorraine immediately turned, with the same calm, fine face, and careless eyes, to ask Sheila whether she would not, by and by, sing one of those northern songs of which Mr. Lavender had told her.

A tall girl, with her back-hair tied in a knot and her costume copied from a well-known pre-Raphaelite drawing, sat down to the piano, and sang a mystic song of the present day, in which the moon, the stars, and other natural objects behaved strangely, and were somehow mixed up with the appeal of a maiden who demanded that her dead lover should be reclaimed from the sea.

"Do you ever go down to your husband's studio?" said Mrs. Lorraine.

Sheila glanced towards the lady at the piano.

"Oh, you may talk," said Mrs. Lorraine, with the least expression of contempt in the grey eyes. "She is singing to gratify herself, not us."

"Yes, I sometimes go down," said Sheila, in as low a voice as she could manage without falling into a whisper, "and it is such a dismal place. It is very hard on him to have to work in a big bare room like that, with the windows half blinded. But sometimes I think Frank would rather have me out of the way."

"And what would he do if both of us were to pay him a visit?" said Mrs. Lorraine. "I should so like to see the studio. Won't you call for me some day and take me with you?"

Take her with her, indeed! Sheila began to wonder that she did not propose to go alone. Fortunately, there was no need to answer the question; for at this moment the song came to an end, and there was a general movement

and murmur of gratitude.

"Thank you," said Mrs. Lorraine, to the lady who had sung, and who was now returning to the photographs she had left. "Thank you very much. I knew some one would instantly ask you to sing that song—it is the most charming of all your songs, I think, and how well it suits your voice, too!"

Then she turned to Sheila again.
"How did you like Lord Arthur Redburn?"

"I think he is a very good young man."

"Young men are never good; but they may be amiable," said Mrs. Lorraine, not perceiving that Sheila had blundered on a wrong adjective, and that she had really meant that she thought him honest and pleasant.

"You did not speak at all, I think, to

your neighbour on the right; that was wise of you. He is a most insufferable person, but mamma bears with him for the sake of his daughter, who sang just now. He is too rich. And he smiles blandly, and takes a sort of after-dinner view of things, as if he coincided with the arrangements of Providence. Don't you take coffee? Tea, then. I have met your aunt—I mean, Mr. Lavender's aunt—such a dear old lady she is!"

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"I don't like her," said Sheila.

"Oh, don't you, really?"

"Not at present; but I shall try to like her."

"Well," said Mrs. Lorraine, calmly, "you know she has her peculiarities. I wish she wouldn't talk so much about Marcus Antoninus and doses of medicine. I fancy I smell calomel when she comes near. I suppose if she were in a pantomime, they'd dress her up as a phial, tie a string round her neck, and label her 'Poison.' Dear me, how languid one gets in this climate. Let us sit down. I wish I was as strong as mamma."

They sat down together, and Mrs. Lorraine evidently expected to be petted and made much of by her new companion. She gave herself pretty little airs and graces, and said no more cutting things about anybody. And Sheila somehow found herself being drawn to the girl, so that she could scarcely help taking her hand, and saying how sorry she was to see her so pale, and fine, and delicate. The hand, too, was so small that the tiny white fingers seemed scarcely bigger than the claws of a bird. Was not that slender waist, to which some little attention was called by a belt of bold blue, just a little too slender for health, although the bust and shoulders were exquisitely and finely proportioned?

"We were at the Academy all the morning, and mamma is not a bit tired. Why has not Mr. Lavender anything in the Academy? Oh, I forgot," she added, with a smile. "Of course, he has been very much engaged. But now, I suppose, he will settle down to work."

Sheila wished that this fragile-looking girl would not so continually refer to her husband; but how was anyone to find fault with her, when she put a little air of plaintiveness into the ordinarily cold grey eyes, and looked at her small hand, as much as to say, "The fingers there are very small, and even whiter than the glove that covers them. They are the fingers of a child, who

ought to be petted."

Then the men came in from the dining-room. Lavender looked round to see where Sheila was-perhaps with a trifle of disappointment that she was not the most prominent figure there. Had he expected to find all the women surrounding her, and admiring her, and all the men going up to pay court to her? Sheila was seated near a small table, and Mrs. Lorraine was showing her something. She was just like anybody else. If she was a wonderful Sea-Princess who had come into a new world, no one seemed to observe her. The only thing that distinguished her from the women around her was her freshness of colour, and the unusual combination of black eyelashes and dark blue eyes. Lavender had arranged that Sheila's first appearance in public should be at a very quiet little dinner-party; but even here she failed to create any profound impression. She was, as he had to confess to himself again, just like anybody else.

He went over to where Mrs. Lorraine was, and sat down beside her. Sheila, remembering his injunctions, felt bound to leave him there; and as she rose to speak to Mrs. Kavanagh, who was standing by, that lady came and begged her to sing a Highland song. By this time, Lavender had succeeded in interesting his companion about something or other; and neither of them noticed that Sheila had gone to the piano, attended by the young politician who had taken her in to dinner. Nor did they interrupt their talk merely because some one played a few bars of prelude. But what was this that suddenly startled Lavender to the heart, causing him to look up with surprise? He had not heard the air since he was in Borva, and when Sheila sang

"Hark! hark, the horn
On mountain breezes borne!
Awake, it is morn;
Awake, Monaltrie!"

all sorts of reminiscences came rushing in upon him. How often had he heard that wild story of Monaltrie's flight sung in the small chamber over the sea, with a sound of the waves outside, and a scent of sea-weed coming in at the door and the windows! It was from the shores of Borva that young Monaltrie must have fled. It must have been in Borva that his sweetheart sat in her bower and sang, the burden of all her singing being "Return, Monaltrie!" And then, as Sheila sang now, making the monotonous and plaintive air wild and strange-

> "What cries of wild despair Awake the sultry air? Frenzied with anxious care, She seeks Monaltrie!"

he heard no more of the song. He was thinking of bygone days in Borva, and of old Mackenzie, living in his lonely house there. When Sheila had finished singing, he looked at her, and it seemed to him that she was still that wonderful Princess whom he had wooed on the shores of the Atlantic. And if those people did not see her as he saw her, ought he to be disappointed because of their blindness?

But if they saw nothing mystic or wonderful about Sheila, they at all events were considerably surprised by the strange sort of music she sang. was not of a sort commonly heard in a London drawing-room. The pathos of its minor chords, its abrupt intervals, startling and wild in their effect, and the slowly subsiding wail in which it closed, did not much resemble the ordinary drawing-room "piece." Here, at least, Sheila had produced an impression; and presently there was a heap of people round the piano, expressing their admiration, asking questions, and begging her to continue. But she rose. She would rather not sing just then. Whereupon Lavender came out to her, and said-

"Sheils, won't you sing that wild one about the farewell—that has the sound of the pipes in it, you know?"

"Oh yes," she said, directly.

Lavender went back to his companion.
"She is very obedient to you," said
Mrs. Lorraine, with a smile.

"She is a good girl," he said.

"Oh! soft be thy slumbers, by Tigh-na-linne's waters;

Thy late-wake was sung by Macdiarmid's fair daughters;

But far in Lochaber the true heart was weeping

Whose hopes are entombed in the grave where thou'rt sleeping."

—so Sheila sang; and it seemed to the people that this ballad was even more strange than its predecessor. When the song was over, Sheila seemed rather anxious to get out of the crowd, and, indeed, walked away into the conservatory, to have a look at the flowers.

Yes, Lavender had to confess to himself, Sheila was just like anybody else in this drawing room. His Sea-Princess had produced no startling impression. He forgot that he had just been teaching her the necessity of observing the ways and customs of the people around her, so that she might avoid singularity.

On one point, at least, she was resolved she would attend to his counsels -she would not make him ridiculous by any show of affection before the eyes of strangers. She did not go near him the whole evening. She remained for the most part in that half-conservatory half ante-room at the end of the drawing-room; and when anyone talked to her she answered, and when she was left alone she turned to the flowers. this time, however, she could observe that Lavender and Mrs. Lorraine were very much engrossed in their conversation; that she seemed very much amused, and he at times a trifle embarrassed; and that both of them had apparently forgotten her existence. Mrs. Kavanagh was continually coming to Sheila, and trying to coax her back into the larger room; but in vain.

would rather not sing any more that night. She liked to look at flowers. She was not tired at all; and she had already seen those wonderful photographs about which everybody was talking.

"Well, Sheila, how did you enjoy yourself?" said her husband, as they were driving home.

"I wish Mr. Ingram had been there," said Sheila.

"Ingram! he would not have stopped in the place five minutes, unless he could play the part of Diogenes, and say rude things to everybody all round. Were you at all dull?"

"A little."

"Didn't somebody look after you?"
"Oh yes, many persons were very kind. But—but——"

"Well?"

"Nobody seemed to be better off than myself. They all seemed to be wanting something to do; and I am sure they were all very glad to come away."

"No, no, no, Sheila. That is only your fancy. You were not much interested, that is evident; but you will get on better when you know more of the people. You were a stranger—that is what disappointed you; but you will not always be a stranger."

Sheila did not answer. Perhaps she contemplated with no great hope or longing the possibility of her coming to like such a method of getting through an evening. At all events, she looked forward with no great pleasure to the chance of her having to become friends with Mrs. Lorraine. All the way home, Sheila was examining her own heart, to try to discover why such bitter feelings should be there. Surely that American girl was honest: there was honesty in her grey eyes. She had been most kind to Sheila herself. And was there not at times—when she abandoned the ways and speech of a woman of the world-a singular coy fascination about her, that any man might be excused for yielding to, even as any woman might yield to it? Sheila fought with herself; and resolved that she would cast forth from

her heart those harsh fancies and indignant feelings that seemed to have established themselves there. She would *not* hate Mrs. Lorraine.

As for Lavender, what was he thinking of, now that he and his young wife were driving home from their first experiment in society? He had to confess to a certain sense of failure. His dreams had not been realized. Everyone who had spoken to him had conveyed to him, as freely as good manners would admit, their congratulations, and their praises of his wife. But the impressive scenes he had been forecasting were out of the question. There was a little curiosity about her, on the part of those who knew her story; and that was all. Sheila bore herself very well. She made no blunders. She had a good presence; she sang well; and everyone

could see that she was handsome, gentle, and honest. Surely, he argued with himself, that ought to content the most exacting. But, in spite of all argument, he was not quite satisfied. He did not regret that he had sacrificed his liberty in a freak of romance; he did not even regard the fact of a man in his position having dared to marry a penniless girl as anything very meritorious or heroic; but he had hoped that the dramatic circumstances of the case would be duly recognized by his friends, and that Sheila would be an object of interest, and wonder, and talk in a whole series of social circles. The result of his adventure, he now saw, was different. There was only one married man the more in London; and London was not disposed to pay any particular heed to the circumstance.

To be continued.

# DANIEL O'CONNELL.

A FEW years ago the late Sir George Cornewell Lewis suggested to a man eminently fitted for the task, that he should write the history of Ireland. The attempts hitherto made, had been, in the judgment of that calm critic, at once partial and superficial, and it seemed that a great subject, full of instruction for the people of both countries, lay waiting for one fit to cope with itwho should unite patient research and judicial calmness of judgment with a moral sense intolerant of wrong, and should know how to denounce evil deeds yet make due allowance for the errors and temptations of the wrongdoer. His friend-wisely, as I believe -resisted the suggestion. Too well acquainted with the story of "English misrule and Irish misdeeds," he knew that it could not be told, however truly, without reviving on both sides feelings that every real patriot must long to set to rest. "It is too soon," he answered; "that history may be written a hundred years later, not now."

It has seemed otherwise to a popular writer, who has devoted brilliant literary faculties and fervent enthusiasm to the service of historical paradox. Having hitherto practised his skill by seeking to reverse the deliberate judgment of mankind upon personages and events of a rather remote period, and little related to the feelings and passions of our own generation, he has now chosen the melancholy story of the connection between England and Ireland for the display of his abilities and his zeal. Amid the hearty cheers of Orangemen and Fenians, he has gone back through the blood-stained annals of Ireland, and given new freshness to the half-forgotten memories of oppression and crime.

On the manner in which he has

achieved his purpose a judgment has been pronounced in this Magazine in which I fully concur; and the only remark that I would desire to add is, that even if the performance were quite other than it is-if the moral standard were acceptable, if the facts were viewed with judicial impartiality, and the conclusions enounced in a tone free from passion and bitterness-the attempt was nevertheless unfortunate, and the moment especially ill-chosen. During the last half-century principles quite opposite to those professed by the author have definitively prevailed-laws declared iniquitous by the general consent of all civilized countries have been repealed—the traditional grievances of Ireland have been redressed, and but one difficult question still remains for solution. Men bred up to a hereditary hatred for the governing country are not yet completely reconciled; but surely this is not the moment to insist on reviving their recollections of a hideous past, and reckoning up the items of the infernal balance-sheet of oppression and crime.

Every man who knows Ireland well. and who holds that a permanent reconciliation is the supreme object to which patriotism and statesmanship on either side of the Channel should constantly tend, agrees in declaring that the one thing needful at this moment is peace. The soil of Ireland is no longer favourable to the growth of disaffectionnothing in the daily life of the Irishman of any class or any sect now supplies provocation. The memory of past wrongs alone nourishes feelings that will gradually disappear when no longer excited. If that might be, the greatest boon that we could bestow on both countries would be a draught of Lethe

deep enough to efface the memory of all that has ever passed between them. But if we must turn our eyes backwards, let us avert them from the dark and dreary times to which none of us who claim kinship with the English or the Irish of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries can refer without shame and humiliation, and take refuge in that later period when first the ideas of right and justice began to influence the relations between the two countries.

It so happened that this period coincided with the appearance of a remarkable man—take him all in all, the most remarkable man that Ireland has produced—by whose genius and energy the course of events was mainly shaped. From a brief retrospect of the career of Daniel O'Connell—from the consideration of what his work was and what the results of his work have been—some light may be thrown on recent history, and, perchance, some guidance be formed for future conduct.

It is the less necessary to speak in detail of the events of O'Connell's political life, as attention has lately been recalled to them by two works, very different in their character, although both are eulogistic in tone. The first of these includes a vigorous sketch of O'Connell's political career. The author has brought to his task a singularly just and candid spirit; he has evidently availed himself of all the published materials now forthcoming, but he does not appear to have had access to the personal recollections of those who bore a part in the transactions of the period. Taking it for what it professes to be-a sketch of the life and work of Ireland's greatest political leader-there would remain little to be added by a subsequent writer if the author had not omitted to give due prominence to the greatest evil under which Ireland now suffers, an evil for whose growth and extension the great Agitator and successive Liberal Governments are jointly responsible.

The second work, a bulky volume, gorgeous in green and gold uniform, is written by a religious lady, the inmate of a monastic house at Kenmare, in Kerry, within a few miles of the home of the "Liberator," as he is still called in his native county. There is no disguise as to the sentiments of the writer. She has undertaken the work in the spirit of hero-worship. Every scrap of information as to the early life of O'Connell is scrupulously recorded; ample, if not well-arranged, details are given of his work during the struggle for Emancipation; but of the period which has by far greater importance in connection with the Ireland of to-day, of his political course after he entered the House of Commons, the authoress appears to be but slightly informed. The only positive contribution to our knowledge of that time is contained in the correspondence of O'Connell with the famous Dr. McHale, Archbishop of Tuam, which the latter has placed in the hands of the authoress. This tends to confirm the belief that O'Connell was personally disposed to support a moderate and practical policy, but was urged to the Repeal agitation by finding that to be the only topic on which he could hope to unite the mass of the popular party.

In the old dispute whether the course of events is mainly determined by the character of individual men, or mainly fashioned by events, or what are called circumstances, arguments may be drawn by either party from the story of O'Connell's life. If it be true that the history of Ireland for the last half-century has been very much the result of his action, it is also true that if he had appeared half a century earlier he must have utterly failed to achieve anything worthy of record. Some will conclude that here. as elsewhere in the course of history, two factors-the man and the opportunity-are both needed to produce great events.

To understand how that opportunity arose, it is necessary to cast back a briefglance on the condition of Ireland during the ninety years that followed

<sup>1 &</sup>quot;The Leaders of Public Opinion in Ireland," by W. E. H. Lecky, M.A. Longmans, 1871.—"The Liberator, his Life and Times," by M. F. Cusack. Longmans, 1872.

the final victory over the Irish national resistance to English power. It is no pleasant prospect for an Englishman, nor for any man who loves England; but it must be faced by one who would understand the Ireland of O'Connell, or the Ireland of the present day. Look back, then, though but for a few moments.

For three generations Ireland lay in your hands as clay in the hands of the potter. Crushed under the penal laws, the great majority of the nation had forgotten the dream of resistance, and well nigh lost the desire for those rights of citizenship that you withheld. For all practical purposes you had to deal only with the men of your own stock and your own religion, whom you had planted in the country as a garrison. who owed to English authority, not only possessions and privileges, but the still dearer right of lording it over a pros-At the end of ninety trate people. years what had you achieved? By a marvellous union of impolicy and injustice you had brought the Protestant ascendancy of Ireland to unite in almost unanimous resistance to your authority. You at first avoided actual conflict by conceding legislative independence at a moment of national difficulty; but you had let disaffection take such root among the Protestants of the North that, a few years later, you had to suppress a rebellious outbreak of which your own natural allies were the instigators and the leaders.

It was not until the mismanagement of Ireland had roused the spirit of resistance among the Protestants that the Catholics began to recover from their long lethargy, and to feel the degradation to which they had been reduced. For nearly a century the only career for any man of spirit and energy among them had been away from home and country-and the story of the Irish Brigade and the military history of Austria and Spain show that such were not wanting. Lest any chance for deeprooted disaffection should be missed, the law made it a capital felony to open a Papist school. In the comparatively

few old families that had retained some part of their estates, the sons were sent to the Continent for education, and there received their earliest lessons of attachment to the British constitution. Instead of bewailing the incurable dislovalty of the Irish Catholics, one is tempted to think meanly of men so wronged who could abstain from any opportunity for desperate resistance. In truth their quiescence during the last century 1 was chiefly due to the influence of the clergy. This may have been partly guided by a just estimate of the chances of success in any renewed struggle with English power; but it was probably directed to some extent by the altered policy of the Church of Rome, which had laid aside the combative maxims of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, and leaned rather to the support of all established Governments.

The first relaxation of the penal laws in 1793, by giving the electoral vote to the Catholics, prepared the way for the great cycle of events that within forty years have utterly changed the condition and prospects of Ireland. No one at the time imagined that the concession was of much political importance. The Irish peers and gentry who trafficked in political influence made haste to multiply the number of voters who were to be driven to the hustings when required, and blindly to support the landlord's nominee. A thinker of ordinary foresight might have foretold that the day would come when the ascendancy of a small minority, and the exclusion of the great mass of the people from equal rights and advantages, would be felt to be intolerable injustice, and that the right to vote could not in the long run be turned against the very men to whom it was conceded; but he might reasonably have allowed thirty, forty, or fifty years for a class so prostrate as then were the Irish Catholics to assume the attitude of serious resistance. And

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> The very partial rising of 1798 affords but an apparent exception. The great majority of the Roman Catholic clergy and gentry were directly opposed to the movement, which in consequence never attained serious dimensions.

so it would have been but for a young unknown man, just eighteen years old when the Act was passed, who was bold enough to conceive the design, vigorous and skilful enough to effect it, of raising up the down-trodden masses of his countrymen, and using the votes of serfs to effect their own emancipation. It is hard to conceive a less hopeful undertaking. The son of a younger son of a family of second-rate importance in the remotest part of the island, O'Connell had no external advantages; but Nature had gifted him with exceptional qualifications. The true way to arouse by speech the feelings of the people is to feel with them : the true way to direct them is to aim at the same objects, but to know better than they how these are to be attained. For the office of arousing and guiding the energies of a nation never yet was a leader—call him patriot or call him demagogue-so fitted as was Daniel O'Connell. Whatever qualities or defects you find in the genuine Irish peasant, these you find heightened and intensified in the great Agitator, with the addition of one all-important element, scarcely ever to be found in the same type of character-restless, persevering, indomitable energy. If, as we must own, he failed to attain the loftiest heights of patriotism, if he wanted the elevation of soul that carries a man to noble ends by none but noble means, it is clear that were he other than he was he must have missed the great career that was before him. Of the many men who have taken part in the political history of Ireland, not to speak of the mere sycophants of popular favour, some have approached O'Connell in intellectual gifts, some have perhaps surpassed him in moral elevation; but to none other has it been given, as it was to him, to arouse, guide, and control with absolute sway the mass of his countrymen. Heedless of the present, but gladly dwelling on the prospect of a brighter future, and still more attached to dim traditions of an illustrious past, loving more to be dazzled than to be convinced, so prone to exaggeration that

his ordinary speech is all compacted of superlatives, passionately attached to a creed that unites for him the strongest feelings of religion and patriotism, possessing all the virtues that grace youth, but wanting those that build up manhood, the Irish peasant has hearkened in succession to many political leaders, but in no voice save that of O'Connell has he found the echo to all his own unspoken feelings and aspirations.

The chief incidents of the long struggle for Catholic Emancipation have been accurately noted by Mr. Lecky, but it might be wished that he had given more prominence to the great lesson that Englishmen should draw from the history of that time-deep distrust of their

own prejudices.

If honour be due to the men of the Whig party to whom the wisdom of Burke and the generous ardour of Fox had instilled the principles of civil and religious liberty, who for nearly a generation resisted the attractions of place and power, rather than postpone the application of those principles-if we must acknowledge the practical sagacity of others, such as Canning and his followers, tolerant of injustice, but not blind to the impolicy of prolonged resistance-what shall be said of the terrible power of prejudice in a country where wisdom and generosity and practical shrewdness are all helpless against fixed unreasoning prepossessions! Nor was that the worst. A nation of Eldons would surely end in some great catastrophe; but posterity might keep some respect for men who had risked all for a doctrine, however absurd. But the men of the last generation did not truly believe in "No Popery." They were not, indeed, to be disturbed by the voices of such men as Grey, and Brougham. and Plunket, and Grattan, and Canning, and Russell; but when it came to the point of danger, when it was seen that the refusal of justice to the Irish Catholics would probably entail the cost and labour and discredit of a suppressed insurrection, they discovered that the prejudices they had decorated with the

title of conscientious objections could not bear to be examined in broad daylight. Once more was taught to Ireland that disastrous lesson, destined to be often repeated, that "England's difficulty is Ireland's opportunity,"that concessions are to be obtained not from the sense of reason and justice, not by direct action on a healthy public opinion, but from the apprehension of danger or inconvenience in refusing them. It might be pleasant to believe that Englishmen of one section or class were alone responsible for the limitless mischief caused by the delay of Catholic Emancipation. Candour forbids such an asser-The House of Lords has many sins to answer for, but it is impossible to agree with a recent writer in adding this to that special account. It was not until four-and-twenty years after the Legislative Union, during which the question was almost constantly discussed, that a Bill for Catholic Emancipation passed through the House of Commons, and was thrown out by the House of Lords. But in the close divisions upon the resolutions moved by Sir Francis Burdett in 1825, and the subsequent stages of the Bill founded on them, a majority of English members of the Lower House voted against Emancipation, and there is no reason to suppose that at that time a Reformed English Parliament would have shown a more statesmanlike spirit.

Posterity will probably pronounce that up to the passing of the Emancipation Act the career of O'Connell was almost unimpeachable. Refined taste and a nice sense of justice are shocked by the violence of invective in which he often indulged, but, as Mr. Lecky has well observed, the Catholics needed above all things courage and spirit, and nothing served more to raise their tone than to see one of their own class assail in unmeasured language the most conspicuous persons in the State; and in Ireland, where words have not the solemn importance that they possess here, too much stress must not be laid on mere vehemence of language. It was an evil example for the people of Ireland that their great leader should be constantly engaged in new devices for evading the law, in order to keep up that organized agitation of which he was the inventor; but no one now will deny that his object was legal and constitutional, and the responsibility for the harm of breaking or evading laws essentially unjust rests mainly upon those who enact and maintain them.

It is far more difficult to form a just conclusion as to the latter part of O'Connell's career, from the day when he triumphantly entered the House of Commons, the elect of the Irish nation, to the dark period of his eclipse, when, broken in health and spirit, weighed down by the load of misery that had fallen on his country, he set forth on the pilgrimage which he was not destined

to accomplish.

In the course of those eventful seventeen years, the political course of O'Connell passed through three phases, very different in their outward aspect and in their effects on the condition of Ireland.

1. From the passage of the Emancipation Act to the formation of the Melbourne Ministry in 1835, the agitation for the Repeal of the Union was set on foot by O'Connell, as a means for coercing the English Government and Legislature, and obtaining "Justice for

Ireland."

2. During the six years' tenure of office by the Melbourne Administration, O'Connell gave the Government almost uniform support, the Repeal Agitation was suspended, and the general condition of Ireland unmistakeably improved.

3. From the accession of Sir Robert Peel to power until his imprisonment O'Connell devoted himself exclusively to the Repeal Agitation. At the very moment when he attained to the utmost height of power and popularity, he was destined to the bitterest disappointment that can befall a political chief—to see the popular movement that he had seemingly led to the threshold of suc-

cess utterly collapse, and such elements of strength as it possessed pass under the guidance of men who had revolted

from his authority.

It was not in itself an unfortunate circumstance that the great measure of Catholic Emancipation should have originated with a Ministry previously identified with the party of resistance. If Wellington and Peel, the leaders of that party, had understood that when it became necessary to concede the demands of the Irish Catholics ordinary wisdom required that they should do so in a cordial and generous spirit, the work of reconciliation between the two countries would have been hastened by a quarter of a century. In point of fact, they soon made it too clear that privileges reluctantly conceded were intended to be in practice unavailing; and, with especial imprudence, they made the man who was confessedly the victorious leader in the great struggle the object of petty and irritating slights that could in no way diminish his power, but were certain to excite his enmity.

The event that immediately led the Wellington Administration to yield Emancipation was O'Connell's triumphant election for the county of Clare. The only impediment that prevented him from at once taking his seat was the Oath of Supremacy, then obligatory on the members of both Houses. On the passing of the Catholic Relief Act he would, as a matter of course, have been entitled to enter the House of Commons on taking the new oath provided for Roman Catholic members; but the Government deemed it not unbecoming to introduce into the Act words specially aimed at him, that made him ineligible until he had gone through

another election.

The next slight was directed against O'Connell as a member of the profession in which by general consent he held a foremost place. The established usage of the bar in England and Ireland had always been to give the honorary rank of King's Counsel to the most eminent lawyers of the time, and nothing but

professional misconduct had been held to be a ground for exclusion. When the law had declared the Roman Catholics eligible for the highest prizes of the profession, it became impossible to refuse them so slight a distinction. Accordingly some half-dozen of the foremost men were selected, while O'Connell, the senior in professional standing—already fifty-four years of age—and surpassing the rest in public reputation, was made still more conspicuous by the omission of his name from the list.

New and unlooked for events, however, changed the aspect of affairs; and it seemed as though, for once, the evil destiny that so long presided over the relations between the two countries had yielded to more auspicious influences. The opportunity that was lost in 1829

recurred in the following year.

The accession of a new Sovereign, the fall of the Wellington Administration, and the formation of a new Government composed exclusively of the men who had so long sustained the cause of Catholic Emancipation, appeared to most men as the opening of a new era. For the first time in their history the government of both islands was vested in a body of men who were pledged by the whole tenor of their public lives to carry out in the spirit as well as the letter the principles of civil and religious liberty in dealing with the distracted people of Ireland.

That such was the spirit in which some of the members of the Grey Administration desired to act is now well known; but very different was the spirit in which the government of

Ireland was conducted.

The task was, indeed, not easy. On the one hand the Protestants were deeply offended, and ill-brooked the change of system that threatened their undisturbed enjoyment of a monopoly of power, privilege, and pay. True, no great harm had yet been done. They were yet in possession of every post of the slightest value or importance. The Law, the Police, every local appointment, whether held under the Crown or by the favour of the landed gentry, were in safe hands; but it was intolerable to think that they might at some not distant time have to share the pleasant seats in the sunshine with the despised class whom they had so long kept out in the cold. On the other hand the Catholics, after recovering from the momentary exultation caused by the passage of the "Relief Bill," were suffering from still more bitter dis-They had been made appointment. eligible to hold places of trust and emolument, and their emancipation, if it meant anything, meant that they were henceforward to be dealt with on a footing of equality; but they saw too plainly that in practice the old system of Protestant ascendancy was maintained to the fullest extent, that for every post of importance-and most important in Ireland is the administra. tion of the law-none but men conspicuous for hostility to them were deemed eligible.

It must be owned that the conduct of O'Connell during the year preceding the accession of the Grey Ministry to power had much increased the difficulty of their task. At no period of his career could he be made to feel the responsibility that presses on a leader of the people for the use of violent and exciting language. At that time, smarting under personal as well as national affronts, he repeatedly indulged in outbursts of invective so coarse and indiscriminate as to lower his credit with all

parties in England.

The great difficulty of the Grey Ministry did not, however, lie in Ireland, or in Irish agitators, but in their luckless choice of the man through whom the affairs of that country were to be conducted. If ever there were an unhappy illustration of the mischief that comes of striving to fit a square man to a round hole, it was to be seen in the selection of Mr. Stanley, better known as the late Lord Derby, for Chief Secretary to the Lord Lieutenant

of Ireland. Possessing brilliant natural abilities and more than average literary culture, born the representative of one of the great historic families of England nature and fortune were united to secure for him a first-rate parliamentary career. But his very qualities only served to make more conspicuous his unfitness for the post assigned to him, Knowing just enough of political history to furnish him with weapons for debate, but a stranger to the deeper lessons that are derived from study and reflection, he had no store of wisdom on which to draw for guidance amidst the difficulties that encompassed him. Wisdom, indeed, if that had been added to his natural gifts, would have availed him little. His temperament-which even age did not subdue to calmness-was at that time so impetuous as rarely to leave him an interval for reflection before he had committed himself by speech or act. To a country where secular feuds were exasperated to their utmost violence. between the intolerant supporters of a falling monopoly and the turbulent leaders of a rising democracy, the Government sent a gladiator to preach the lesson of patience and moderation.

At the accession of the Grey Ministry O'Connell did not stand deeply committed to the Repeal of the Union. In his address to the electors of Clare. when forced to present himself a second time before them, the topic was altogether omitted, and a series of legislative measures to be obtained from the Imperial Parliament was confidently promised to the people. Most of the demands then put forth on behalf of Ireland, and several more besides, have since been accorded; but the masses in Ireland were less easily moved to struggle for the redress of tangible and practical grievances than for the "splendid phantom" of a National Legislature. O'Connell was too true an Irishman not to share in the aspirations of his fellowcountrymen, but far too sagacious and able not to prefer at all times the practical and the practicable. There is no room to doubt that for a long period

O'Connell used the Repeal Agitation altogether as a means to obtain the set of measures collectively known as "Justice to Ireland" by the only method that experience had shown to be efficient with a British Legislaturemaking it unsafe to refuse them. quite certain that it would have been still easier in 1831 than it afterwards was in 1835 to induce O'Connell to moderate his demands and abstain from exciting appeals to the passions of the people. But the man whose office it should have been to urge patience and conciliation was the foremost to offer defiance. An Englishman not used lightly to deal with personal honour and self-respect might be excused if he were disgusted at the unmeasured licence of O'Connell's tongue, but in Stanley's case the feeling of caste was superadded to the national instinctthe contempt with which he was too ready to regard the Irishman was heightened by the sense of utter scorn for the plebeian.

It was not enough that a Liberal Ministry shrunk from any proceedings that could conciliate the support or mitigate the hostility of the great leader of the Irish democracy; their Irish policy was so contrived as to drive all the Roman Catholics, and many of the Liberal Protestants, into adherence -often reluctant adherence-to the political course of the great Agitator. The system of Protestant ascendancy was maintained to the fullest extent. Protestants alone-men personally respectable, but conspicuous for their hostility to the popular party-were selected to fill every important post, and the Under-Secretary of State, the most important wheel in the governmental machinery of Ireland, was the same man who had long been the willing and active instrument of the Orange party.

In the debate on the Address in 1833, in the fourth year of Catholic Emancipation, O'Connell brought forward a definite statement on this head in the House of Commons. There were then in Ireland thirty-four Stipendiary Magis-

trates, five Inspectors-general of Police, and thirty-two Sub-inspectors; the great majority had been appointed since the formation of the Whig Government, yet not a single Catholic had been chosen.

In his reply Mr. Stanley was able to cite three instances in which honorary unpaid distinctions had been conferred on Roman Catholic lawyers, but only a single instance in which a post of practical importance—that of Assistant-Barrister, or salaried Chairman of Quarter Sessions—had been given outside the pale of the favoured creed.

Under such conditions was inaugurated the first Repeal agitation in Ireland, almost avowedly designed as a mere instrument for coercing the Government and Parliament to redress the many undoubted wrongs of the Irish people. If proof were wanted that at that period O'Connell had no serious expectation of success in his professed object, it is to be found in the fact that he not merely assented to, but actively promoted, the election of men not friendly to Repeal.

The secret history of the negotiations that preceded and followed the formation of the Melbourne Ministry in 1835 has not been given to the public. alliance then contracted with O'Connell has been the object of many accusations; it was a source of constant unpopularity in England, and mainly conduced to the ultimate fall of that Administration. Having at an early age been in frequent contact with most of the men who were concerned in the transactions of that time, I may declare my conviction that there was nothing in the terms of that alliance, nor in the intentions of the parties, that was other than creditable to their political wisdom and honesty.

The terms offered by the Government were none other than measures that were in themselves just and politic. The reform of the Tithe system, the opening of the Corporations to popular election, the abolition of Church Cess, were the most pressing matters requiring legislation. Doubtless O'Connell stipulated

for the practical abolition of the ascendancy system, by not only giving a fair share of Government patronage to the Catholics, but also preferring Liberal Protestants over the partisans of the

old system.

The extreme violence of his former denunciations of the Whig party under the preceding Administration made O'Connell's share of the treaty—the virtual abandonment of the Repeal Agitation-more difficult to accomplish than it would have otherwise been, but it was faithfully performed. The alliance, or compact, as they preferred to call it, was the theme of incessant assaults on the Ministry by the speakers and writers of the Tory-not yet Conservative-party; and it is a melancholy proof of the vitality of national and sectarian prejudices that the policy which for the first time gave hope for a reconciliation between the people of the two islands was the chief cause of the downfall of the Ministry that initiated it.

Bitter prejudice against the Irish Roman Catholics was not, in those days, by any means confined to the dense middle strata of English society; it held full possession of the still denser medium of the Squireocracy, and was largely shared by professed politicians. Even the King, more tolerant of difference of creed than of the democratic tendency of the Irish movement, fully shared the aversion to the Irish popular leaders. It is notorious that his dislike to Sheil made it impossible for the Ministry to offer any office, however subordinate, to the most brilliant orator on the Liberal benches of the House of Commons; and there is strong reason to think that the King's personal feelings prevailed in a matter more important in its bearing

on the condition of Ireland.

There is good ground for believing that, at the period of the formation of the Grey Administration, some leading members of the Whig party were favourable to a policy of cordial alliance with the Irish Catholics, and wished to see the vast influence of O'Connell enlisted on the side of law and order by appointing him to the office of Attorney-General for Ireland. A measure so bold was open to obvious objections, though few will now doubt that it would have been wise and statesmanlike. The opposite policy prevailed; and until the Melbourne Government succeeded to power on the failure of Sir Robert Peel in 1835, there was no question of an alliance with the Irish popular party. According to the true principles of our Constitution, it would have been right that a man exercising the great power then held by O'Connell, both in the House of Commons and among the people of one portion of the United Kingdom, should have assumed the duties and responsibilities of political office. It is, in my opinion, hard to believe that any other obstacle than the inveterate prejudices of the King prevented Lord Melbourne from offering, and O'Connell from accepting political office, and that on terms honourable to himself as well as to the Government with which he became connected. I may here relate an anecdote, of which I am unable to fix the exact date, but it must have occurred in the early part of the year 1837. Being at the time an undergraduate at Cambridge, I was walking down to the House with an Irish representative. At the corner of Downing Street we were suddenly confronted by O'Connell, who said, with an air of triumph, "You may congratulate me, my dear B.; I am Attorney-General for Ireland." In answer to some expression of surprise, he continued, "Yes, I have just been with Lord Melbourne, and I have determined to accept the office. nothing must be said for the present." An hour or two later, O'Connell called the same member aside in the House of Commons, and told him that the arrangement was at an end, because the King had absolutely refused his consent. A promise not to mention what had occurred was given and faithfully kept, and the writer held himself equally bound to silence during the lifetime of the persons concerned. It is right to say, that one of the few persons now

alive who was in a position to be fully aware of every important step taken by Lord Melbourne is persuaded that no such offer was made, and that O'Connell must either have deceived himself as to the nature of the proposition made to him, or from some inexplicable motive have made an unfounded statement. I am unable to offer any explanation, but at this distance of time I can see no reason for withholding the incident as it occurred.

It is unhappily certain that the opportunity for reconciling the people of Ireland to the Legislative Union that was opened by the policy of the Melbourne Administration was not secured. responsibility rests on many shoulders, but mainly on those of the leader of the party of resistance, Sir If that able man has Robert Peel. been truly described as the greatest Member of Parliament of our century, his conduct in regard to Ireland alone suffices to show that no Prime Minister since the time of Lord Liverpool has less claim to the rank of statesman. Instead of perceiving that the interests of the empire, as well as those of his own party, were concerned in satisfying the reasonable demands of the Irish people, he exerted all his great skill as a party leader in delaying measures that he could not defeat, and haggling over miserable details when everything like principle had been conceded. Witness the long contests over Irish Corporation Reform, dragged on through four sessions of Parliament, and delayed for an additional year because the Opposition in the House of Lords would not yield 11. a year on the qualification clause.

Nothing was more vehemently assailed in the conduct of the Melbourne Ministry than the administration of Government patronage in Ireland, and on no point—at least during its carlier period—was it less open to just blame. The whisper of complaint has never yet been heard from any party in Ireland against the men who were promoted to the judicial bench. For the first time the whole people of Ireland, of whatever

creed or faction, began to conceive the possibility of obtaining impartial justice from the regular tribunals. Far be it from me to say that before them no just men had sat on the Irish bench, but the instances of scandalous partiality were too many and too recent, and the system of exclusiveness had too thoroughly blocked up the channels of justice, for the mass of the people even for a moment to expect a share in it.

Personally, O'Connell was not chargeable with self-seeking in the disposal of Government patronage. He did not, as had been the usage in Ireland with men of the highest social position, provide for most of his relatives and family connections at the public expense. Some unfit and several inefficient men owed to his favour their promotion to places of secondary importance; but this is no more than happens even to the most scrupulous distributor of patronage. was not till the later period of the Melbourne Administration that a new political disease began to establish itself in Ireland, for whose growth and extension both O'Connell and the Ministry were to a considerable extent responsible.

It is but just to O'Connell to say that at the time when he first obtained preponderating political power in Ireland he showed no disposition to use that power arbitrarily, so as to secure the return to Parliament of his personal adherents. Still less did he give the slightest preference to candidates on sectarian grounds. At the time when his influence was greatest, and when he undoubtedly controlled one-half of the Irish elections, the number of Roman Catholics out of about seventy Liberal representatives never exceeded twenty-six. But a state of political feeling in which one man is able to exert so much power is in itself unsound, and was sure in the long run to breed abuses. Cases frequently arose. where O'Connell had practically the nomination of a representative for a popular constituency. It was not to be expected that men of independent character and real ability would seek to enter public life as the passive instruments of a policy that they could in no way control. It was, perhaps, by no fault in O'Connell that his choice on these occasions was very restricted, but undoubtedly his taste was not squeamish. As the members of the Imperial Parliament saw in succession on the benches behind the great Agitator new representatives of Irish constituencies, whose slightest defect was their ignorance of the forms of polite society, the feeling of political aversion grew to a pitch of exasperation not before seen in Par-The class in question -O'Connell's "tail," as they were called -never formed more than a small minority among the Irish Liberal members, yet they sufficed to bring into bad odour the entire body. In plain truth, not a few of these men were needy adventurers, who seized the chance of securing a prize-some paltry place with an income of a few hundreds a year after an interval of political subserviency in the House of Commons.

Before long, as corruption has a marvellous tendency to develop new species and varieties, a still uglier sort of "patriot" came upon the stage. Devoted to the service of his country, he never demanded direct recompense for his disinterested support of the Administration. But he was unceasing in his endeavours to obtain appointments for others. He was an adept in describing the personal, moral, and political claims of his protégés, and rarely failed to obtain from the weary Secretary of the Treasury the nomination to every post in any way connected with the county or borough which he represented. In practice, the patronage thus obtained was made a matter of shameless traffic. The candidate bargained with the popular member, and did not receive his appointment until he had actually paid down as much as two or three years' salary of the promised post. Such samples of the genus Patriot were indeed not common. I do not believe that at any one time their number in the House of Commons exceeded three; but the

mischief effected was out of all proportion to the cases that actually occurred. It may be said that neither O'Connell, nor the English gentlemen who had the disagreeable task of managing the Irish members on behalf of the Government, knew of these transactions. doubtless had no distinct proof of their existence, but I am quite sure that ample and notorious ground for suspicion existed, and that anyone who cared to make inquiry could have obtained adequate proof of the truth. To say that a fact is notorious in a certain society often means that you have no clear or positive evidence; but upon this matter I can say that I have had the most direct and convincing testimony, not as to one only, but as to several separate instances of traffic in Government patronage; and hundreds of persons not directly connected with them must have had equal opportunities with myself. At the same time, I feel equally sure that if anyone had had the hardihood publicly to charge the authors of these scandals, he would have failed ignominiously in his efforts to expose them. All the parties concerned would have solemnly denied everything that had occurred.

It is quite true that even the worst of these instances of political corruption fell far short of those that commonly occurred under the old system, when the Irish Parliament was exclusively Protestant and aristocratic in composition. It was, perhaps, only natural that in a country where such seed had been profusely sown it should blossom forth on new soil; but it is part of the penalty that a man pays for such power as O'Connell then held that he is deemed responsible not only for what he does, but for what he omits to do. It would be unjust to say that O'Connell lowered the tone of political morality in Ireland, but it is true that he failed to use his vast influence to raise and purify it.

If we must acquit him of complicity in downright corruption, we cannot even say so much as to one form of political dishonesty which has always been leniently regarded in Ireland, and, it is to be feared, has a tendency to extend in this island also. To curry favour with the populace by pandering to the vulgar liking for abuse of those in higher position or authority is in democratic societies a constant temptation to the politician; but in such a country as Ireland, where disaffection lies deep in the breasts of the people, the man is positively criminal who excites it without any real belief in what he says. Yet at the very time when the sole object and intention of many "patriotic" candidates was to earn by steady parliamentary support of the Government some miserable appointment, they rarely addressed a constituency without denouncing the English (or usually Saxon) Parliament and Government. Ludicrous illustrations of this were constantly afforded. A very well-meaning country gentleman who had joined one of O'Connell's numerous political associations told me that he was once placed in a great difficulty when, on entering a meeting, he was suddenly called on to take the chair. Not being so ready of speech as most of his countrymen, he said anxiously to some one of the minor fry of agitators who was present, "What am I to do? What am I to say?" "It's the asiest thing in the world," was the reply; "just say a few words about your country, and abuse the Government."

O'Connell was, indeed, no mere demagogue. On more than one occasion he showed true courage and patriotism by withstanding the popular impulse of the moment, and if he too often pleased the mob by coarse invective, he merely indulged in the expression of feelings that at the time were thoroughly sincere. But he was certainly not scrupulous as to the means by which he excited and maintained popular enthusiasm, and still less inclined to set up a high standard for his followers. English Ministers thought it a light matter that their Irish supporters should use wild language in Ireland, so long as they never failed when wanted in the division lobby; but great as are the obligations

that Ireland owes to the Melbourne Administration—the first that ever attempted to deal justly and generously with the mass of the population—it is a grievous drawback that it should have had a direct share in inflicting on Ireland the worst evil that now afflicts her—

the trade in sham-patriotism.

The fall of the Melbourne Government and the accession to office of Sir Robert Peel mark the commencement of the last period of O'Connell's career. Peel was no way incapable of dealing impartially with Ireland, and several of his colleagues were full of excellent intentions; but he had committed the immense blunder of allowing the passionate resentment of the Irish Tory party to direct his policy as leader of the Opposition. On crossing to the Ministerial side of the House he carried with him these compromising allies, and secured the bitter hostility of the popular party in Ireland. The immediate consequence was that O'Connell thenceforth devoted his utmost energies to the revival of the Repeal Agitation on a scale more formidable than it had ever before attained. Whether he merely intended once more to use the Repeal Agitation as an effective weapon of political warfare, or had finally despaired of obtaining necessary reforms from the Imperial Parliament, it is not easy to decide; but it is to me quite certain that the enthusiasm which he succeeded in exciting through the greater part of Ireland reacted to a marvellous extent upon his own impressionable nature. Having converted the mass of his countrymen, he finally converted himself, not merely to the belief that Repeal was desirable-for so much he perhaps always did believe-but to the conviction that it was attainable. Never, perhaps, has a man engaged in political life been subjected to influences so calculated to excite and to intoxicate. The favourite of a senate will always meet some wholesome opposition, but the "uncrowned monarch" of the Irish people was for more than a year carried forward on one constantly rising wave of popular enthusiasm. He was not the cool contriver who could sit down to calculate the forces at his disposal, and the obstacles in his way, but the most Irish of all Irishmen, moved by the like passions and affections with the people whom he swayed, capable at one and the same moment of genuine faith and devotion to a cause, and of resorting to mere artifice and cunning in the means for advancing it; an enigma to all Englishmen, because he was compounded of qualities that among them are absolutely incompatible.

Mr. Lecky has touched with a delicate pen the closing portion of O'Connell's career—the blow struck by his imprisonment; the increasing feebleness, caused more by disappointment than organic disease; the dark shadow of the famine closing over his country, and threatening to engulf all classes in one common ruin; and, bitterest of all, the political organization that he had created and led to victory, to which he trusted for whatever was yet to be achieved for his country, shattered to utter impotence by the revolt of the younger and more energetic portion of his followers, who openly defied his authority, and cast suspicion on his

The man who devotes his life to his country in the career of political conflict too often undertakes a thankless task, and he who is not sustained by the loftiest motives must look for no solid reward; but a sadder ending than this of O'Connell is scarcely to be found on record.

Who can look hardly on the record of a life wherein such mighty energies were devoted to the service of an oppressed nation? If in his course he sometimes swerved from the straight path, his faults were severely chastised. The mischief that he did lived after him, and some part, at least, of the good was interred with his bones. His remains were not laid to rest on his native soil before the great lesson of legal and peaceful agitation that he had so steadily inculcated was derided and

abjured by the most conspicuous of his followers.

Of the Young Ireland party, as they were generally called, it is impossible to speak without a share of respect. If some amongst their leaders were men of little real ability, whose shallow brains were stirred up by listening to their own or their companions' frothy declamation, others were made up of more solid stuff, and, under more fortunate conditions, might have done real service in political life. In so far as it was a revolt against the dishonesty and corruption of a section of O'Connell's followers, it was a righteous movement, and demanded the sympathy of every honest man. But the main principle of the party-the right to seek political changes by physical force-was condemned in advance to ignominious failure whenever the attempt to apply it should be made. Young men who had not yet learned that armed rebellion in a country ruled by public opinion is a criminal anachronism, discovered that the teachings of O'Connell, though seemingly forgotten, had sunk deeply into the popular mind. Treason was, indeed, the fashion. The writings of the Young Ireland chiefs were widely read, their speeches were cheered to the echo, and the noise was so great that even experienced statesmen1 were led to think that it meant something formidable. But although a disaffected people wished well to Smith O'Brien and his confederates, as they would have done to any other enemy of British power, they were very far from

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> It is known that the late Lord Clarendon, then Lord Lieutenant, was so much impressed with the gravity of the situation that he apprehended the insufficiency of the military force at his disposal, and contemplated the probability of recurring to the support of the Orangemen of Ulster. The writer, who had shortly before travelled through many parts of the South and West, cannot forget the look of incredulity with which that able diplomatist listened, a few days before O'Brien's abortive effort, to the confident opinion that a single regiment would be more than sufficient to meet and disperse any insurrectionary force that could be got together.

that frame of mind that will carry undisciplined men to face the bayonet. Ever since O'Connell showed what might be effected by peaceful agitation, the belief in insurrection as a practical remedy for political or social wrong has

gone out of the Irish people.

The Young Irelanders themselves have outlived the errors of their hot youth. They have by this time discovered that corruption and venality flourish under a Republican constitution still more freely than in the mixed political system of the old country. The absurd notion that there is something unbecoming a patriot in the acceptance of office in the public service, and in receiving for honest work remuneration much less than can be gained in professional or commercial pursuits, has not quite disappeared in Ireland, because the very basis of public morality in this relation had been sapped by scandalous appointments of men whose chief claim to preferment was political dishonesty. But since the ablest of the Young Ireland leaders has, in another hemisphere, held conspicuous office which he owed to the merited confidence of his fellow-citizens, and has accepted not only the emoluments of office, but honorary distinction from the Crown, it may be hoped that the confusion of ideas prevailing in Ireland will pass away, and that men will understand the simple proposition that what is discreditable is not the place, but the ladder by which some have reached it-that the fee earned by the skilled practitioner is one thing, and that pocketed by the impudent quack a very different thing.

The condition of Ireland is not yet what men whose patriotism includes the whole empire in its aspirations may have hoped and desired. Disaffection, lying deep, but by no means of a practical character, is still widely spread. This is discouraging; but let rational Englishmen ask themselves whether it is unnatural. For how long a time did English prejudices prevent a fair trial of the Union between the two countries?

For the last five-and-twenty years you could find no man of the least pretension to political sagacity who did not own that the retention of the Irish Church establishment was indefensible in principle and mischievous in practice, and yet it stood untouched till 1869. The more excusable prejudices that impeded any change in the legal relations between landlord and tenant yielded only in 1870 to Mr. Gladstone's Land Bill, and for the first time you could say with truth that Irish disaffection must seek its justification in the past. The single difficulty that remains will be easily solved if you will but remember that whenever you have allowed religious prepossessions or antipathies to guide you in legislating for Ireland, you have invariably committed a blunder, as well as an injustice. Once allow that other men have a right to hold opinions very different from yours, ask yourselves what you would admit to be just treatment if you could change places and opinions with them, and you will not go far wrong in dealing with Ireland.

The cry for Home Rule is not pleasant to our ears. We know well that in the mouths of ninety-nine out of every hundred who use it it means nothing else than disaffection. A few men may mean the very true and simple proposition that the House of Commons has undertaken more work than it can perform efficiently, and that local business could be better transacted in local assem-This is no more an Irish grievance than it is a Welsh or a Yorkshire grievance. The agitation, so far as it has real importance, has little or no reference to a practical remedy for a practical evil. It means simply that you have not yet cured the disaffection that you have earned by centuries of misgovernment. It is unreasonable on your part to have expected to do so. Wrong-doing would be made too pleasant and easy in this world if everything were set right by merely ceasing to do wrong. But although it may be long before Irish disaffection

will entirely cease, it has become much less formidable since the two great grievances have been removed. peasant is now enjoying comparative prosperity, and by Mr. Gladstone's Land Act he has acquired that sense of security which, more than anything else, attaches men to the cause of order. The introduction of competitive examinations for appointments in the public service is a still more efficacious means for creating a feeling favourable to union with England. Unlike the old system of appointment through political influence, this elevates instead of degrading the successful candidate, and the large proportion of Irishmen that gain the prizes supplies an argument whose cogency is felt by all the educated or half-educated classes in Ireland.

So far as I can see, the agitation for Home Rule, or repeal of the Union, is not likely to give any serious trouble, unless by glaring bad policy a vitality is given to it which it does not inherently possess. When orators whose trade is agitation are allowed to tell the people with truth that measures proposed by men responsible to the country, which would undoubtedly be accepted by an Irish Parliament, cannot be carried out because of the prejudices of English and Scotch representatives, or the reluctance of the House of Peers, a valid argument is supplied, pro tanto, against the Legislative Union.

It is a still more obvious blunder to show favour to those who aid the Anti-Union agitation. The Minister who gives pay or preferment to venal sham patriots abets a movement hostile to the welfare of the entire empire, and at the same time does a special wrong to Ireland, by nurturing the worst disease under which she labours—utter disbelief in political honesty.

If the younger men amongst us shall live to see complete and cordial union between the people of both islands, there can be no doubt that in the roll of national benefactors to whom that consummation will be due, the foremost name must be that of Daniel O'Connell.

It is not only that he was the first to compel the rulers of the empire to commence the era of justice that alone makes Union possible. His work was greater than this: He found his countrymen slaves; he raised them from the dust, and first taught them to assume at least the attitude of freemen. The education of a people is a slow work; but if at no distant time they are fully worthy to take the place that is prepared for them-that of free citizens of a great united empire-sharing the vanward post in the great advance of political and social progress, they must never forget that the first lessons of freedom were received from the lips of O'Connell.

Of O'Connell the man, such as he was known to his contemporaries, the next generation will find it difficult to form a just conception. Nothing could be stronger than the animosity which he excited amongst his opponents, unless it were the enthusiastic attachment felt towards him by his personal friends and followers. His faults were on the surface, and were exactly those that most surely shock and offend educated Englishmen. His invectives not rarely descended to scurrility, and his disregard of literal truth and probability in his popular addresses was such as, in an Englishman, would have implied utter want of principle. The irrepressible tendency to exaggeration inseparable from the Irish nature will not, however, be severely judged by posterity. It must be noted that, with scarcely an exception, his violence was excited, not by personal, but by national feelings. His vituperation was directed against the enemies of Ireland, not against the enemies of O'Connell.

If his political friends learned to place implicit confidence in his courage, his energy, and the boundless resources of his inventive intelligence, the personal devotion that he awakened was due to qualities of another order. He was a true friend, faithful to all who had ever done him a service, and possessed in the highest degree that personal

charm of manner and conversation that people of other countries usually attribute to the typical Irishman. But he proved himself to own virtues of a higher and rarer order. On several important occasions, and notably in regard to trade combinations and the Poor Law question, he boldly took the unpopular side, and did not shrink from the clearest expression of his opinions, This does not seem difficult to men who depend upon parliamentary support for political influence. They may reasonably expect that justice will in due time be done to their motives. The case is very different with a man who holds power and importance by the fleeting tenure of popular favour; and one such sacrifice made to conscience should outweigh many a blemish in the career of a popular leader.

Those who best knew O'Connell are able to cite many an instance of magnanimity that contrasts strongly with the unscrupulousness of which his opponents constantly accused him.<sup>1</sup>

Of him, as of nearly all men who

<sup>1</sup> An instance, vouched by a person well acquainted with both the parties, has been lately given to me. O'Connell had been on terms of intimacy with P. M., an able and influential man, well known in Dublin. A quarrel, arising from some political difference, broke out between them. O'Connell denounced his opponent in language of extreme violence, and for many years they were on

have taken an eminent part in public affairs, we may say that, although his aims were lofty, he was not careful in his choice of means. The worst that can with justice be urged against him is that he was too tolerant of baser men, who used low means to compass low ends, so long as they were ready to swell the ranks of his auxiliary forces.

When the future historian is able calmly to survey the miserable history of Ireland up to the end of the last century, he will, perhaps, regard it as no slight testimony to the qualities of the Irish race that it should at such a time have impersonated itself in a figure so commanding and so free from base admixture. If it prove the great qualities of the man that he should have acquired such power over his countrymen, it says not a little for them that the man to whom alone they gave their entire hearts was one whom they may present without shame to the scrutiny of succeeding generations.

JOHN BALL.

terms of mutual hostility. Long afterwards P. M. told my informant that during the period of their friendship O'Connell had become aware of circumstances of a private nature which, if published, would have been ruinous to the position and credit of his adversary, but, in spite of the violence of their subsequent quarrel, was never led to divulge them or allude to them in any way.

## TRADITIONS OF STERNE AND BUNYAN.

STERNE and Bunyan! Two names more widely apart—two men of genius more unlike in character and life-we can scarcely find in our whole world of reading. Even in Dialogues of the Dead, they would hardly tolerate each other. If we allowed such ghosts to meet, the clerical wit and worldling would certainly throw some wild jests at the Baptist fanatic; and we can imagine the grave Pilgrim looking thunder-clouds at the Reverend Mr. Levity, of Vanity Fair. I will quickly explain why I have, to the amazement of the reader, placed these two names together. I can show Sterne in the act of sketching character close to my village, and it so happens that traditionary footsteps of John Bunyan may be found in the same locality, and the circumstance brings the two men-the two writers-before me with strange, intense reality.

Yorick is still, and evermore, "the keen observer, the arch humorist;" the master of pathos, the magician of the pen. More than a hundred years have rolled away since he breathed his last in the Bond Street lodging. only the other day-on the 18th of June, 1870-the world welcomed some vague account of his wife and daughter, two ladies who have left but faint traces of their existence in a little French town. Think what we will of the man, the fascination of the artist is living now, a century after his death. No apology is needed when I offer new facts about Laurence Sterne and his Uncle Toby-facts which show us the very spot where the great humorist made his outlines from real life.

Twenty years ago, the possessor of a romantic imagination might have been greatly delighted by a visit to Preston Castle, near the village of Preston, in Hertfordshire. This old country-house was then unoccupied, and standing, for-

saken and dilapidated, in the midst of its still beautiful gardens. A narrow lane, running south from Preston, led you to a simple lodge. You then passed through meadows, well fenced with hawthorn and holly, to the north front of the house. Over a low, strong hedge of sweetbriar, you saw a massive grey porch, a little overhung with Virginia creeper; venerable casements looking out on the broad carriage-road which led to the hall-door, and a circle of flower-beds with a central sun-dial. Wide walks, fair lawns, huge evergreens, each one a kingdom of leaves, met the eye as you entered the gates. Well do I remember those grounds, and the wood of pines and chestnuts at the end of them! In the gardens, one saw everywhere a happy blending of modern art with the dear, old, stately formality of other days. But the house had suffered loss at the hands of some individual who had preferred convenience to the charms of antiquity; and had been still more injured by another, who had given a castellated front to a pile half manorial, half Georgian. Preston Castle, when I remember it, stood silent and forsaken, a fit haunt for the ghosts of my childish imagination. The ancient hall, and many chambers centuries old, were on the north side; on the south were the Georgian rooms. Even there, one's footsteps echoed strangely, and the mid-day sun, passing into them through an outer blind of sweet roses, starry jasmine, and climbing creepers, could not lighten the gloom within. The sight of the mildewed walls, the faded, falling papers, the blank, deserted hearth, would have saddened any heart but that of a child. full of "life, and whim, and gaieté de cœur." What story have I to tell of this ghostly place? Not the story of many a pleasant summer afternoon spent there with those who have departed hence. It is the story of Uncle Toby—the Uncle Toby of real life; one which I heard from lips now silent, and

which I know to be true.

In the days of Laurence Sterne, the owner of Preston Castle was a certain Captain Hinde, who was at once the old soldier and the country gentleman. My father, who lived near the village of Preston, was told by the late Lord Dacre, of The Hoo, in Hertfordshire, that this Captain Hinde "was Sterne's Uncle Toby." Much interested, my father asked many questions, and ascertained that the fact was well known to the Lord Dacre of the "Tristram Shandy" period, and had been transmitted in the Dacre family from father to son. His lordship added, that a very old man named Pilgrim, who had spent his young days in the service of Captain Hinde, might be found some few miles from The Hoo, and that he would be able to give certainty and interest to the story from his early recollections. My father sought an interview with Pilgrim, the venerable patriarch of a lonely little village, and in the course of a long conversation gathered evidence which clearly traced my Uncle Toby to a real-life residence at Preston Castle. I will give the most striking part of this evidence as it was handed down to me. Some of its details have been lost in the lapse of years, but I have added nothing to the facts retained by my memory.

Pilgrim, in his youth, had an uncle who was butler at The Hoo, some five miles from Preston. This uncle well remembered the famous Mr. Sterne as one of Lord Dacre's visitors, and once heard him conversing with his noble host about "Tristram Shandy."

"And how could you imagine such a character as my Uncle Toby?" asked

Lord Dacre.

"It was drawn from life," said Mr. Sterne. "It is the portrait of your lordship's neighbour, Captain Hinde."

And the odd book, which amazed, amused, and delighted the great world so long ago, and the name of which is still so familiar, was vividly called to

remembrance by much that Pilgrim told of the sayings and doings of his old Eccentric - full of military habits and recollections—simple-hearted, benevolent, and tenderly kind to the dumb creatures of the earth and air, Captain Hinde was a veritable Uncle Toby. He gave the embattled front to his house—the labourers on his land were called from the harvest-field by notes of the bugle, and a battery was placed at the end of his garden. The animated old soldier, who delighted to talk of battles and sieges, was full of the most extraordinary love for all living things. Finding that a bullfinch had built her nest in the garden-hedge, close to his battery, he specially ordered his men not to fire the guns until the little birds had flown. To fire these guns was his frequent amusement, but he would not allow a sound to disturb the feathered family. This and other anecdotes greatly pleased my father. They reminded him of the generous heart which gave even the poor house-fly life from its boundless wealth of feeling. In short, Uncle Toby stood before himclearly and forcibly drawn by a poor old villager. No reasonable mind could throw any doubt on the curious tale so strangely saved from oblivion.

Preston Castle is now numbered with the things that have been and are not. It was pulled down many years ago, and its picturesque gardens and luxuriant shrubberies were turned into common meadow ground. All the sons and daughters of Captain Hinde have passed away, and a rural memorial points out their last resting-place in the parish church of Hitchin. A few old cottagers still talk of their benevolence and eccentricity. An Irish tramper, who died in Hitchin workhouse, spoke of them with lively respect and gratitude. I have never forgotten that woman's look, as she mentioned their name. "Something of blessing and of prayer" might be seen in her dark violet eyes, as, glancing

upwards, she said-

"They was the rale, ould gintry, dear, was the Hindes! They was a Govermint family. . . . There's the world's

differ between them and the new people about. . . . And don't I remimber poor Mrs. W-—, almost the last of them the blessed lady—the rale gintlewoman? SURE she's opened the gates of heaven for herself by all she did for us poor craythurs. . . . RIST HER SOWL IN GLORY!"—This was the last honour paid to the Hindes. They certainly inherited the kind, generous virtues of Uncle Toby -good gifts which can make the most whimsical peculiarities dear

to us.

I will now venture to glance at the conjectures of those who have sought to find originals for the Tristram gallery. Let Thackeray speak first: "The most picturesque and delightful parts of Sterne's writings we owe to his recollections of the military life. Trim's montero cap, and Le Fèvre's sword, and dear Uncle Toby's roquelaure, are doubtless reminiscences of the boy who had lived with the followers of William and Marlborough, and had beat time with his little feet to the fifes of Ramillies in Dublin barrack-yard, or played with the torn flags and halberds of Malplaquet on the parade-ground at Clonmel." Twice Thackeray gave us his "Lectures on the English Humorists," from which this passage is taken. Mr. Percy Fitzgerald has published a biography of Sterne, containing much information never before collected. This biography has done good service to the memory of the Shandean hero who was at once the admiration and the scandal of his day. In vain does Thackeray pass sentence in immortal words of brilliant satire and severity. We read Mr. Fitzgerald's two volumes, and feel a kindness for the strange, wayward genius whose worst faults were encouraged by his age. We follow Yorick through his years of provincial obscurity to his London carnival of flattery and feasting. We see the gay, wicked world doing its best to spoil the little good in that sentimental heart-to stimulate that erratic humour to wilder and wilder flights of folly and irreverence. And then we think with painful pity of the death-bed in the Bond Street lodginghouse. There the prince of jesters and sentimentalists died slowly, without the sympathy of wife, daughter, or friendwith only a hired nurse and a footman beside-personifications of indifference and curiosity. Perhaps in that last scene the poor player would willingly have exchanged lives and deaths with some faithful, simple, boorish Yorkshire Curate! In the fourth chapter of Mr. Fitzgerald's first volume, Ensign Roger Sterne, father of Laurence Sterne, is introduced to us as the prototype of Uncle Toby. The chapter opens with an abstract from the memorandum of family history given by the great humorist to his daughter Lydia :- "My father was a smart little man-active to the last degree in all exercises-most patient of fatigue and disappointments, of which it had pleased God to give him full measure. He was in his temper somewhat rapid and hasty, but of a kindly, sweet disposition; void of all designs, and so innocent in his own intentions that he suspected no one; so that you might have cheated him ten times a day if nine had not been sufficient for your purpose,"

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Mr. Fitzgerald asks: "Can anyone doubt but that this genial and spirited little sketch, which seems to overflow with a tender yearning and affection, is the original design for that larger canvas from which stands out the richlycoloured, firmly-painted, and exquisitelyfinished figure of Uncle Toby? . . . . It requires no great penetration to guess that the same gentle images must have been rising before him while he sat at his desk in his Sutton vicarage, suffusing his eyes and softening his heart, as he thus filled in the portrait of the brave officer who had also served in the Flanders wars :- 'My Uncle Toby was a man patient of injuries, not from want of courage. I know no man under whose arm I would sooner have taken shelter. Nor did this arise from any obtuseness or insensibility of his intellectual parts. But he was of a peaceful, placid nature, no jarring elements in it; all was mixed up so kindly within him; my Uncle Toby had scarce heart to retaliate

on a fly.' Then follows the famous incident of the fly, and its subsequent happy discharge into that world which was wide enough both for itself and its captor. Contrasting the two brothers, he says that Mr. Shandy was quite the opposite of his brother 'in this patient endurance of wrongs.' . . . . He was ten years old, Tristram writes, when the fly adventure happened, which might indeed have been a little incident in Ensign Sterne's life; for it is very consistent with his 'kindly, sweet disposition, void of all design.' But my Uncle Toby, with all this gentleness, could yet rouse himself when the occasion called for a necessary display of temper; and thus he was always in the habit of calling the Corporal 'Trim,' excepting when he happened to be very angry with him."

"Putting this picture beside the original," continues the biographer, "we see that Ensign Roger Sterne, with 'that kindly, sweet disposition, void of all design' (words which in themselves come sweetly and melodiously off the lips), could nevertheless be in his 'temper somewhat rapid and hasty.' . . . . It breaks out, does this likeness, in innumerable little touches-hints, rather, and delicate shadowings. . . . Like the famous Sir Roger, of Addison's make, this figure of my Uncle Toby, starting somewhat mistily, fills in as it goes, with a wonderful clearness and brilliancy. He scarcely knew at the outset how it would grow under his hands."

I feel sure that these conjectures convey a measure of truth. But they do not in the least set aside the Dacre tradition. "The scenery and costume of Queen Anne's wars"—"the Ramillie wig," "the blue and gold suit laid by in the great campaign trunk, and which was magnificently laced down the sides in the mode of King William's reign" -" the wonderful scarlet roquelaure in which Captain Shandy mounted guard in the trenches before the gates of St. Nicholas"-all these things had most likely been long treasured in Sterne's memory before he sat down to write the first page of his "Tristram." A clever littérateur would know how to

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make good use of the recollections of his childhood, vague as they might be, and to blend them with studies of character made at a later time of life.

The reader will now stand with me at the old gates of Preston Castle. At the southern side of those broad meadows we can rebuild, in fancy, the quaint, embattled residence. And we may see a tall, thin, strange figure passing out into the narrow lane, hedged with hawthorn and holly. It is Yorick going back to The Hoo. Those sly, comic features which Lavater speaks of -the expressive features of "the arch, satirical Sterne"-wear a look of triumphant humour. He has just made a sketch of Captain Hinde, and feels that it will be his masterpiece. The work will be true to nature, but he will finish it with the thousand graceful touches of his unique pencil, and give it the rich costume and colour of the bygone days of Marlborough. The bright eyes of Yorick's pale face grow brighter with the inspiration of genius, and he rides away in his gayest mood, certain to be more brilliant than ever at Lord Dacre's.

We who thus dreamily stared at the Preston gates, and call up the shadows of Laurence Sterne and Captain Hinde, may, in a moment, cast behind us another hundred years. We shall then see close to us a marvellous man, whose face and figure, homely though they be, are yet touched by the rays from the Celestial City. Within a few hundred yards of those gates, and in the midst of a thick wood which borders the Castle meadows, is a green space called "Bunyan's Dell." In this hollow in the wilderness a thousand people would once assemble to listen to their Baptist—the inspired Tinker of Bedford. A Protestant may admire Ignatius Loyola, or the gentle St. Francis, and the most severe Churchman must give due honour to the memory of John Bunyan -the saint-errant of Dissent. Anyone who reads his life may see that he lived through his own spiritual romance. Surrounded by the wild passions and blind bigotry of the seventeenth century,

"his pure and powerful mind" fought a good fight with Apollyon, passed with trembling anguish through the Valley of the Shadow of Death, and escaped serene and blameless from Vanity Fair. No doubt the "Meeters" who came to the Preston wood to hear Bunyan's rousing and searching sermons understood very well that he was the Christian hero of his "Pilgrim's Progress." Living in Hertfordshire, from sixteen to twenty miles from Bedford, they would probably know much of his history. A prisoner for Nonconformity and illegal preaching, Bunyan had spent twelve weary years in Bedford gaol. Though not shut up in the Venetian pozzi, he must have suffered severely in his dull, dark, damp chamber, built over the river. There, with only two books-the Bible and "Foxe's Book of Martyrs"-he gave himself up to studies more absorbing than those which endeared the "Martin Tower" to the "Wizard Earl of Northumberland." And there he resolved to remain "until the moss grew on his eyebrows" rather than promise not to preach. At length Dr. Barlowe, afterwards Bishop of Lincoln, is said to have obtained his unconditional re-All honour to the wise, kind Churchman! Wise and kind people, having read the "Pilgrim's Progress," felt that the writer had heart and intellect for a broad Catholic faith, and that nothing would narrow him into a mischievous sectarian. So he left the dismal old gaol on Bedford Bridge, and went out into the world as a preacher. It was probably some time after this release in 1671 that Bishop Bunyan, as he was popularly called, made Hertfordshire part of his diocese. Justices and constables paid tribute to his character by allowing him to preach in several counties. But as the times were full of danger, he was often obliged to travel in disguise, and the people of his pastorate met during the night, and in places from which they might easily escape. One such place was found in Preston Wood, three miles from Hitchin. When we look at "Bunyan's Dell" we can see the midnight "Meeters," and their preacher.

The dense thicket of trees around—the starry sky-the multitude of enthusiasts half buried in shadow—this is a scene to inspire John Bunyan with the best of "his powerful and piercing words." Such words, though drawn from the common language of tinker and peasant, can work wonders. We feel that they would probably make a more lasting impression than any one of the Reverend Mr. Yorick's "dramatic sermons," preached before judge, ambassador, or king. Like Dante, Bunyan is able to produce a sublime effect and a strong sense of reality by a few bold, abrupt touches. He has come, like the great Florentine, from la valle d'abisso doloroso, and he tells of its horrors with the vivid brevity of intense feeling. Let me read a passage from his "Sermons on the Greatness of the Soul :"-

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"Once I dreamed that I saw two persons whom I knew in hell; and methought I saw a continual dropping, as of great drops of fire, lighting upon them in their sore distress. Oh, words are wanting—thoughts are wanting—imagination and fancy are poor things here! Hell is another place than any

alive can think."

This is truly Dantesque. But Bunyan devoted his Dantesque genius to the loving purpose of an Evangelist.

Shall we contrast the "glorious dreamer" with the historian of the Shandys?-the grave, devout pilgrim, with the gay trifler who made the Sentimental Journey? Let us not contrastnor judge-nor moralize Many of us have a library in which we receive a large company of illustrious men and women. If we have known them from childhood, as dear, familiar friends, we shall think of them in their best moments, and regard them with unfailing charity. If we possess the least trifle which belongs to the life or literary history of any one of them, we shall value it as a priceless treasure. In this spirit, I delight to find the tradition of Bunyan's Dell, and to rescue from the darkness and dust of years, the curious old portrait of Captain Hinde-Sterne's Uncle Toby.

### A RUN TO VIENNA AND PESTH.

It was on the 30th of April, the day before the World's Exhibition opened, that I reached Vienna. When I left Scotland sixty-six hours before, the sun was bright and warm, and everything promised spring. Vienna is eight degrees of latitude, or 550 miles south of my northern home, not to speak of the twenty degrees of east longitude-and it was a bitter disappointment to find that I had left all the brightness and warmth behind me. It was raw in London; it was gusty and uncomfortable about Dover and Ostend; it was raining as the train crawled, an hour and a half late, into the capital of the Their own familiar Eastern Empire. May, laden with influenza, was in readiness, a truly delightful surprise for the English visitors. It neither surprised nor shocked the Viennese. Vienna is very cold when it is cold, and very hot when it is hot. It rains a great deal there, it snows a little, it blows bitterly at times. To-day the sun makes the place as hot as an Italian market-place in a blazing sum-To-morrow the winds that sweep down the long trough of the Danube, or through the gaps of the encircling hills, chill one to the bone. People say that a fall of 30° Fahrenheit in the course of a day is not uncommon, and chest complaints are dangerous and abundant. Everybody who goes to see the World's Exhibition should prepare for heat and cold, and dust and rain, and mud, and, above all, sudden and violent changes of temperature.

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The 1st of May, the morning big with the fate of Baron von Schwartz Senborn and the Austrian Empire, was as depressing as it well could be. From low thick clouds a sleety drizzle dripped on the innumerable strangers who were supposed to have been gathered from all ends of the earth to witness the opening at the low charge of fifty shillings

a-piece. From the Stephan's Platz, which is an apology for a square in the centre of the city, and as like a square as St. Paul's Churchyard, an interminable line of omnibuses and carriages streamed outwards over the three miles which lay between it and the Exhibition gates. Early people started at eight; those who were not to be hurried, at nine; those who are always too late for everything thought ten time enough to enable them to get to the gates at eleven. At eleven the programme said that every entrance was to be closed; the interval till noon, when the Emperor and his Imperial and Royal guests were to open the Exhibition, being sacred to the admission of officials and the great people who were not to be jostled among the meaner crowd. The programme broke down, as it was no doubt meant it should; for when eleven came, a mile or two of carriages in continuous lines still stretched on the wrong side of the gates. The envious weather deprived the Viennese of more than half the pleasures of this great People's-Exhibition on the road to the real show. The open carriages were very few, and the toilettes in them were very much sub-Broughams are disappointing to the most contented crowd, and even the hundreds of thousands who lined the road two, three, and four deep, on both sides of it, as we got into the Prater and neared the gates, would have found time hang heavy on their hands on that raw, drizzly morning but for the uniforms of all nations which went flashing past incessantly. There was the most wonderful variety and richness of costume. The Hungarian noble on a State occasion is a sight to which the imagination of untravelled Western Europe is scarcely equal, and the crowd supped full of ambassadors, and archdukes, and Hospodars, and Hungarians, and Pashas,

and full-dress generals and admirals of all the armies and navies of Europe. At the end of all this there was the Emperor and Empress, and half Princes Royal and Princes Imperial, and it was content to wait.

Everybody now knows the plan of the Exhibition. There is a cupola bigger than the dome of St. Paul's, under which is the great central space called the Rotunda. In the middle of this the framework of the magnificent fountain, which is to diffuse fragrance and refreshing coolness through the sultry summer, was covered, on the opening day, with evergreens. A great central space, like the saw-dust of a circus, separated it from the crowds of spectators, whose seats were in rows slanting to the inner line of pillars. Between them and the outer wall was a huge belt of floor space, meant for the crowds who could not find sitting-room, Unfortunately there were no crowds, for miles of carriages contain, after all, but a limited number of human beings, and the first fifty-shilling day appealed but feebly to the masses. It promised nothing but the presence of Emperors and Princes, and the undeniable fact that it was the first. Of course there was a little music, and the great rotunda -the work, by the bye, of our able countryman, Mr. John Scott Russellshowed for the first time how admirably it is adapted for musical purposes when filled with people. But, after all, music, and emperors, and the fine dresses of fashionable people, are not irresistible attractions, and I should guess that the spectators who occupied the rotunda were somewhere between ten and twenty thousand.

Of course there was a little excitement when the great people entered. Before us were a dozen of the most exalted ladies and gentlemen of Europe advancing to take their seats on the raised daïs in front of what looked like an organ. The music led, and the great company joined in the "Gott erhalt den Kaiser Franz," and twenty minutes of mutual speeches, broken by intervals of music, followed. Not a word could

be heard, and there was nothing to occupy us but admiration of the vast proportions of the huge rotunda, from the top of which workmen and the special correspondents, watching us from the gallery at the base of the dome, looked like distant crows. Half-a-dozen objects in the rotunda were forecasts of the great collection of the more striking and showy "exhibits" of all nations which is now gathered there. There was a huge hexagonal tent bedstead, by Bossi. There were two gigantic and noble female figures from Switzerland, to represent the federal friendship of the united cantons. There were a couple of monstrous lions, which from the opposite side of the hall, where I stood, looked little larger than young Newfoundlands; and there was an enormous stearine bust of Milly, the great introducer of stearine soaps and candles into Germany. Milly was alone and pre-eminent, as Goethe, or Dante, or Shakespeare might have stood to claim the reverence of the assembled nations. The exhibition, as I found out afterwards, is full of stearine statues and wax-candle trophies and soap virtù; and, except for the shining sort of glaze upon them, they look as white and nearly as pure as marble. But Milly on the great opening day, in the centre of everything, under the admiring eyes of an Emperor and Empress and nearly a dozen Crown Princes and Crown Princesses, had reached a place quite too pre-eminent even for his saponaceous merits.

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When the speeches were over, the great people began their "Rundreise." They were received everywhere by the Commissioners of the different countries, and for an hour or more the crowd in the rotunda sat still or gossiped, or sought for new places from which they could have a better chance of seeing their Majesties on their return. When they came back, the Exhibition was open, and we might go everywhere. A little went a long way. There were many curious things, but the most curious of all, as I found out in the next day or two, was the skill with

which the chaos of packing-cases and the innumerable sheds full of mere confusion that were everywhere, had been hid away. Nearly every nation was unready. Switzerland and Belgium were farthest forward. Next came England, then Germany, then Austria, then France. America had literally nothing but a curious charcoal wall-painting, some 40 feet long by 10 feet high, representing the eventful history of the unsuspecting Pig of Cincinnati, who is seduced into an establishment from which in a few brief hours he emerges as sausage and flitch of bacon. Perhaps an eighth part of the things meant to be shown were visible on the opening day. Everything is no doubt ready now, and before I left I was willing to allow that nothing yet seen in Exhibitions was to be compared with the Great World's Show in the capital which offers itself as the natural meeting of East and West.

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A simple illustration may give some idea of the size of the building. Take a penny to represent the rotunda, and run out four quarter-inch spokes from it, through the ends of which, enclosing the penny, draw a square. The spokes and the sides of the square are galleries, given up half to Austria and half to Germany, and the side of the square is some 600 feet. The western spoke, the western side of the square and half of the two transverse ones, belong to Germany, and those opposite to Austria. Continue the western and eastern spoke across the square for 1,000 feet each way--as far as three pennies would go-and we have the long galleries which form the backbone of the Exhibition building for western and eastern countries. Across each of these backbones run fourteen ribs, seven on each side—the line across being some 600 feet: make these ribs also exhibiting galleries, and you have the chief The intercostal spaces are building. fitted with supplementary sheds when these are needed. If they were all so fitted, the centre building of the Exhibition would be half a mile long by half a quarter mile broad-with Germany

and Austria in the centre, the United States at one end, and Japan and China at the other. The advantages and disadvantages are alike obvious. All the products of each country pass under review, but each is by itself, and you forget the details of the one before you get to the other. Anybody who wants, for instance, to compare the cottons of Switzerland and France and Austria and America must walk huge distances

from country to country.

But there are three or four devices to mitigate this hardship. To begin with, much of the machinery can only be seen and judged when it is running, and the machinery of all nations has been sent off accordingly into one great supplemental shed behind the main building, and parallel to it, where "power" can be turned on. The engineer and machinist may find a good deal belonging to him in the Industry Palace, but he will give days or weeks to the Machinery hall. Between it and the main Exhibition there is a show of what one may perhaps call dead machinery-steam ploughs, and threshing machines, and all the infinite contrivances which have made agriculture a scientific profession. The agricultural sheds are two in number—an eastern for Austria, Russia, and Hungary; and a western for France, Belgium, Germany, Great Britain, and America. The space between them, and that between them and the Exhibition, is filled up with smaller collections. There are heaps of peasants' and farmers' houses of all countries. There are gatherings of all the products of their estates by noblemen with thousands of square miles of territory. There is the show of the Austrian University of Agriculture, which presents us with the ploughs of all nations for the last 100 years, and illustrates all the agricultural products of Austria and Hungary. These are but samples taken at random of the curiosities outside in the grounds.

Besides the engineers and the farmers, there is one other competition of all nations which a visitor may witness without travelling round the Exhibition world. The pictures and statuary are grouped in a separate building, near the Japanese and Turkish portions of the Industry Palace. Each country exhibits by itself, but it is possible to run rapidly through them all, as there is nothing but art to distract the attention. It is wonderfully well worth while. I have no desire to offer you my flying impressions of the artistic qualities of the great national schools. I had only three days to see them in, for the Emperor only opened the Art Exhibition on the 15th, and even then France had but one of five rooms ready, and Germany had none. Great Britain, Belgium, Holland, Switzerland, Austria, were fairly ready, and Italy as yet showed only half of what she intended

to display.

It is this universal Internationalism. so to speak, that gives its individual character to the Vienna Exhibition. In London and Paris all the world was nominally represented, but Eastern Europe was too far removed from either to make its presence felt. Vienna is the geographical capital of the whole of the Old World that is civilized. Of the 56,000 square metres in the main building, 18,000 are given to Austria and Hungary, and 19,000, or nearly the same, to Germany, France, Great Britain and Ireland, the great commercial countries of the Old World and those chiefly represented at London and in Paris. Russia is a little disappointing, for it occupies only 3,300 square metres, which is scarcely more than Hungary or Turkey. Taking the floor space, Austria has two and a half times as much as Great Britain; Germany and France have each the same as we have ; Russia, Hungary, and Turkey, each half as much; Italy and Belgium, one-third as much each; China, Siam, and Japan, onefifth as much, which is nearly the space assigned to the United States, to South America, to Switzerland and to Egypt and Mid-Africa. Holland, Greece, and the Scandinavian Peninsula have each about an eighth of what we have; Roumania, Spain, and Portugal, each about a tenth; Persia and

Mid-Asia, and Tunis and Morocco, each a twentieth. In the Vienna Exhibition, in fact, one realizes the East as it is almost impossible to realize it elsewhere. Even in the city of Vienna there is a certain Eastern odour faintly perceptible, but it is very faint. There are very few Hungarian or Slavonic names in the streets, and hardly any Hungarian or Slavonic faces. Of course one meets a Turk or two, and "Magyar spoken here" is as common as "Ici on parle Français" in London, but Vienna is a thoroughly German city. It is brisker and sprightlier than Berlin, but a German is as much at home in it as anywhere in Germany, and everybody else is as much abroad. Pass the gates of the Exhibition, and all this is altered. The great palace of the Viceroy of Egypt, with the towers prepared for the 300 white figures that are to be brought over to remind him of Cairo, during his stay here, is one of the most prominent objects. The Japanese Tea Garden and the colony of Turkish houses cluster in the immediate neighbourhood. hunting lodges, and Portuguese schools, and Hungarian and Styrian wine-houses, and Indian wigwams, where genuine negro waiters compound Catawba cobblers and mint juleps; and Swiss conditoreis, where coffee and fruit-sweetmeats are dispensed by girls gorgeous in gold and linen and bright colours from all the countries,-enable one to survey mankind from China to Peru. Persians and Turks and Japanese are frequent in the grounds, and all nations are abundant in the long sheds and galleries. Oddly enough, everybody seems to find the most interesting things to be those from home. It is in the British Exhibition that Englishmen most abound, and Russians haunt the region of iron and coal and malachite tables and furs and bear-skins.

One of the most striking things about Vienna is the enormous number of new and magnificent buildings that are being run up everywhere. The old Kaiserstadt had some 70,000 inhabitants shut up close within the iron circle of the famous fortifications. But Sadowa proved

that now-a-days capitals are lost and won upon the battle-field; and the Emperor decided upon sweeping them away and replacing them by a broad ring of open boulevards connecting city and suburb, as the old walls had divided them. huge street, four or five miles long, worthy of the capital of Eastern Europe, sprang up as if by magic. Long lines of stately palaces, five and six storeys high, unrolled themselves when fashion and luxury trooped to the new Rings. New building societies sprang up like mushrooms, as the earliest realized fortunes, and the banks vied with each other in giving them facilities. The circle of the Rings is not yet completed; and the great crisis which shook the fabric of Austrian credit to its foundations, and in a single month lowered the value of the Austrian securities dealt in on the Vienna Stock Exchange by fifty millions sterling, must have ruined crowds of the building speculators who had calculated on the unlimited expansion of the city and its luxury. In the beginning of May the whole place seemed undergoing a gigantic transformation. Huge half-finished buildings everywhere swarmed, with armies of labourers, and carpenters and bricklayers buzzed about them like so many uneasy-going ants. Mutatis mutandis-Vienna for Drury Lane, and Bohemian for Irish -it was the scene in the "Rejected Addresses" over again :-

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"Ropes rose and sank, and rose again, And nimble workmen trod; To realize bold Wyatt's plan Rush'd many a howling Irishman, Loud clatter'd many a porter can, And many a ragamuffin clan, With trowel and with hod."

Three quarters of the boulevards were filled up with bran-new palaces, and the other quarter with palaces still in the hands of the builder. It was very much the same in most of the suburbs. The sense of transformation under one's very eyes—the visible growth from an old-fashioned fortress town to a great capital open alike to friends and foes—explained the fever of the streets, the breakneck pace of the drivers, and the

sense of activity everywhere around you. But you need not go far a-field to see the countries of the years before Sadowa. Enter the town from some village in the outskirts-say Hetzendorf, for instance, and you will find roads so uneven that you could bury a sheep in their deep holes, bearing the traffic of a wide and fertile country district to the very gates of one of the greatest capitals of Europe. Nowhere are the old and the new in sharper contrast than in Austria. Vienna is the incarnation of the feverish energy and vivacity of the new. The villages about her, and for that matter the outdoor labourers in the city itself, enable one to understand the old

After a few days the Exhibition tired me, for mountains of packing-cases were arriving every day from the railway stations, where they had been blocked for months. After the exhibition there is little to fall back upon but the Opera, the concerts, and the theatre. The picture galleries seemed to me comparatively uninteresting; and after spending a few evenings in admiring the perfect training of orchestra and chorus, the beauty of the scenic effects, and the general level excellence of the acting at the Opera, I made the excursion which most visitors to Vienna will be tempted to make this season, and ran down the Danube to Pesth. Shakespeare, by the way, is in great favour in Vienna. I saw "Romeo and Juliet" admirably performed by a better general company, and one which showed a truer appreciation of this author, than I remembered to have seen at home; and Nikolai's version of the "Merry Wives of Windsor" was performed one evening at the Opera. Frau Fluth and Frau Reich-Mrs. Ford and Mrs. Page-were admirable; and Sir John was, out of sight, the best Sir John I have happened to come across. No doubt he is the difficulty of the opera, and the farcicalness of the part needs to be exaggerated a little to adapt it to the altered conditions. But the brisk and sparkling dialogue of the "Merry Wives," and the love passages of Master Fenton, suit opera admirably; and the ballet of the fairies who pinch the fat knight in the wood, makes a

magnificent spectacular close.

The way to Pesth and back recommended by the guide-books and sanctioned by common sense, is to go down the Danube in the steamer, which takes thirteen hours, and come back by train, which takes seven. The current, which runs nearly five miles an hour at Vienna, and three miles an hour at Pesth, makes up-stream sailing slow and weary work, and the voyage takes twice as long as the voyage down. It is something even to have seen the great river of Central Europe. I had stood before on the naked tableland in the Black Forest, between Furtwangen and Donauschwingen, from which the waters divide, flowing westward to the Rhine and the German Ocean, and eastward to the Black Sea. Years ago I had seen the Danube rush, fierce, deep, and narrow, past the quaint old towers and the quainter old cathedral of Ulm. On the road to Vienna I had caught casual glimpses of it in the distance, and the city itself is on a branch of the river. But it is only the Regulirte Donau, a bit of the Danube turned into a Vienna canal. We embarked on the Regulated Danube at half-past six, and half-anhour later were transferred to the bigger boat that was to take us all the way... It was a miserable morning of low grey clouds and sullen streaming rain, without promise or hope. For hours and hours there was nothing to interest us but the swift-rushing river beneath, tearing onward like a mill-race to the The "schöne blaue Donau" between Vienna and Pesth is a turbid, clay-coloured torrent, that bends and swirls away through interminable flat plains, fringed by osier beds, and apparently empty of population. Every now and then it breaks up into two or three channels, and encloses some long flat island like Lobau, where Napoleon and 180,000 of the best soldiers in Europe were imprisoned for six weeks, after the checks of Aspern and Essling, only to burst out on their Austrian keepers the night before the decisive victory of Wagram. A few wretched villages-

one that was "taken by Attila"-a stray farm or two in the far distance, a cart drawn by four oxen, a colony of water-mills, alone interrupt the mono-These Danube water-mills are odd-looking institutions. In those great plains wind is an unreliable "power," which lies idle for weeks or months, and when it comes often comes in Except the Danube and hurricanes. its tributaries there is little water, and the farmers drive their grain from long distances across the roadless plains to these primitive grinding shops. Two broad flat-bottomed boats are moored together, and on the one nearest the stream a house is constructed for the miller. As the current is strongest near the middle of the river, he anchors his house, and his mill, which is built on the second boat, as near the centre as he can, to be out of the highway of the steamers and other craft. His mill is simple. A trunk of a tree seems to be the axle, and transverse boards, containing the spokes of the water-wheel, splash round and receive in succession the blows of the current. Half-a-dozen, or sometimes a dozen of these curiosities may be moored one behind the other, a little village of amphibious animals.

The river sweeps through a gap of something like highlands, past the morass or marsh, and into Hungary. But for long it is the same monotonous story-the great river rushing seaward through osier beds and wide fields of cattle country-the water-mills, with their appended millers' houses, dropping lazily in the stream—the grey clouds slowly rising and the rain gradually softening into a dismal drizzle, and hardly anything but the boat in which we were visible in the dead-alive land-Our boat itself is only halfinteresting. Its steerage is filled with a motley crew of country people, of unknown nationalities, talking languages equally unknown. Apparently there are a few Turks, and a considerable number of Danubian principality people, but the bulk of the passengers, to guess from the frogged and braided coats and jack boots, was Hungarian,

cabin has sleeping-berths for some forty people below, and a deck-house is built above them, on the top of which is our fine-weather promenade, while inside it some kind of meal, some coffee, or a little bottle of wine, or a second breakfast, is always going on. In the corner three black and dirty-looking Danubian commercial travellers are playing "beggar my neighbour" with ferocious rapidity and under great excitement. They were at it without moving for three hours at least, and one could not help admiring the resources of the human mind which has discovered and can enjoy such a

refuge from ennui.

About 1 o'clock we reached Komorn, the great fortress of Hungary, from which it defied the Austrians in 1848, and which is now, it is supposed, one of the strongest in the world. It lies where the Waag, one of her largest tributaries, joins the Danube. is a little, flat, dreary town, with a desolate steeple or two. The inhabitants are, it seems, chiefly Calvinists. are few signs of life, but the plain on both sides of both rivers is broken here and there by innumerable low mounds, with ditches before them, which give the low, sullen, wicked look of a modern fortress. For the most part a great Festung is as ugly as a huge ironclad. It is not the old rugged hill crowned with a grey castle frowning on the country below it, that strikes terror into the heart of an invader-it is the bit of open country sown with forts, within the lines of which an army may shelter, and which is all but indistinguishable from the monotonous landscape. It is thus that the fortifications of Verona keep watch on the Adige, where it bends away from the Alpine valley into the broad plains of Lombardy; and Komorn sits silent and almost unnoticed at the confluence of the Danube and the Waag. One might have scarcely observed the fortifications. but for the trumpeter who came out of the last of them as we swept past it, as suddenly as the little man who emerges from a Black Forest clock, and who blew a gay little blast, most likely to gather the scattered warriors to their mid-day meal. We took it kindly. Perhaps he was inviting us, as the fortress is supposed to do, with a "kommen Morgen" -come here to-morrow-for there is no use trying to get in to-day. As the day wore on the clouds drew back and the sun began to show. Our imprisoned fellow-passengers came crawling out to the upper deck, like so many flies awakened from their winter slumbers by the genial warmth. The river grew more interesting. Hills began to appear far to the right, and farms and villages could occasionally be seen. The hills crept closer and closer to the river, till at a turning the cathedral and ruined fortress of Gran burst upon us. The curtain of the hills of the Bakonyer Wald sweeps down to the river, and our passage seems barred by the cathedral, which stands on a lofty mound jutting into the river. The Hungarians think it the fac-simile of St. Peter's at Rome. It has a cupola like St. Peter's, and pillars with a frieze and statues above it, as in that famous model. But what the Hungarian St. Peter's lacks in size and perhaps in dignity, it makes up in the picturesqueness of its situation, for it would be difficult anywhere to find a nobler site. Certainly, the cathedral of the old ecclesiastical city which was made a bishopric by King Stephen in 1001, is as much superior to the mites of squalid little village churches which blinked at us from time to time from the banks of the Danube, as St. Peter's is to the great churches of the Italian towns. There is something indeed Italian about the whole scene. A splendid sweep of vine and wood-clad hills to right and left lies under the sullen and threatening light of a thunder-laden afternoon; side valleys cut down through it to the plain which fringes the river brink in torrents of foliage; when the eye catches the naked rock between the vine-rows, it looks blood-red as everything in Italy looks to one fresh from the sober colour of the Alps. As we sweep past the sacred city of Hungary, the river narrows the hills gather upon either side, and the Danube runs for an hour or two in a gorge like that which holds the Rhine between Andernach and Bingen. From Gran to Wissegrand, the "high fortress" where the kings of Hungary lived in the eleventh century, and on to Wartzen, where the river, which has been struggling eastward, suddenly gives it up and tumbles away from the hills straight to the south,-the Danube is finer, to my thinking, than the Rhine. The vines do not look so much like potato rows; the enclosing hills are higher, and the great river itself fills you with the sense of its majesty and power. There are fewer noble castles to solicit one's jaded attention; but the thought how far and how fast we are running through unfamiliar countries and peoples to the very gates of the mysterious East, haunts one with a quickening charm. The evening was closing in as the steamer carried us to Buda-Pesth, or Pesth-Ofen -to discover, to one's astonishment, that the lines of palaces on the boulevards at Vienna were repeating themselves along the river front of the capital of Hungary. But it is late, and the long day's sail has surely earned a night's repose.

The city of Pesth is singularly well situated. Those who know Edinburgh can easily realize it. The Princes Street valley, through which the railway runs, must be doubled in breadth and filled up with the Danube, and the Calton Hill must be taken bodily across it and placed on the same side as the When that has been done, and the whole Princes Street side smoothed down into a great flat plain of houses running out to miniature fields and open country, we have a model of Pesth-Ofen is the double-hilled town across the Danube, with the Emperor's palace where the Castle stands-the rock sweeping down less steeply to the river, and falling in terrace gardens, bright with laurels and laburnums and flowering currents. In place of the Calton Hill stands the fortress of the Blocksberg, which could at any moment lay the open city of Pesth in ruins. The town of Ofen is a mass of tortuous and half-paved lanes struggling upwards from the river between and towards these two summits.

picturesque enough from the other side, but close at hand it is poor and mean, a sort of Irish village multiplied fifty-fold in population. On the river there are some handsome houses, above there are but peasants' cottages and little beershops, and a church or two. The glory of Buda Pesth is modern. Eighty years since the University was brought in from Tyrnau, and many of the public buildings still remind one of the old days when the town was insignificant. The fine buildings are all new, and away from the river esplanade they are not numerous. There is a huge cathedral begun, and left quarter finished. There is a great Jewish synagogue in a sort of Moorish architecture, which is the largest and most remarkable ecclesiastical building of the place. with a strange sensation that one reads signboards in three languages-German. Magyar, and Hebrew-to inform the passer-by that he may have beer and wine. There are many Jews here, and there must be many who know nothing but Hebrew, or these Hebrew signboards could hardly be so common. The theatres, the post-office, the municipal buildings, are poor and mean. There is a little oddity of a Greek church, with a huge painted screen, stretching from floor to ceiling, completely separating choir from nave. There are Protestant and Roman Catholic churches, and a cloister and a monastery. I should have thought there was little poverty in the place, had I not chanced to see one mid-day distribution of alms at the Franciscan cloister. troop of old men and women were swarming in and out at the side gateway of the Franciscan church. went through a long cloister till they came to a room beside the kitchen of the monastery, in which a comfortablelooking monk, of about forty, was smoking a long pipe and superintending the distribution of meat soup. It was dreadful to see how greedily some halfdozen of the poor old creatures, who were nuzzling together inside the door of the cloister, were devouring the soup and meat they had just received, plunging their fingers into the smoking mess,

and worrying the solid bits as eagerly as a starving dog worries a bone. Outside there was little sign of poverty. Everybody seemed busy and industrious. There is far less of outward charity than in Vienna; indeed, there is a certain king-of-my-castle air, but there seems much more work about the shopkeepers, and everybody one meets with is at first hardly agreeable. There are innumerable book-shops. The literature is cosmopolitan-French, English, German, and Magyar, but it is plain that German is a foreign language, like French or English. The official proclamations and the street bills are mostly in both languages, but one never finds them in German only, and often only in Hungarian. To my surprise, the people are anything but handsome. Most of the grown men are short and squarebuilt and strong-looking, but there is a greater mass of stunted and unhealthylooking lads with blotchy faces and bad blood, than I have seen, I think, in any other capital in Europe. It is out in the country perhaps that one sees the true Hungarian; and when we did go out, we seemed to lose the unlovelylooking clerks and commis-voyageurs who crowded us in Pesth itself. But even about them there was an unmistakeable look of the East; and it is clear that with Vienna we have left behind us many habits of Western Europe.

Pesth is still full of memories of 1849. In the open square beside the palace there is a monument to General Hentzl, who, "with Colonel Allmoth and 418 braves, died here a death of sacrifice for Emperor and Fatherland." The Hungarians swarmed across the river up the hill from Pesth, and poor Hentzl did what he could to keep them from the heights on which the citadel was then planted. But the ruin of that time, and the resolution since Sadowa to treat Pesth as almost an equal capital of the Austro-Hungarian Empires and Kingdom, have given it the material impulse of which it shows so many signs.

We went out one day to the races, when they were honoured by the presence of the Prince of Wales and Prince Arthur. The Rakos course lies some

five miles or so from the centre of the city, on a broad oasis-bordered flat. Horses, riders, and trainers were many of them English. There was the grand stand, the saddling place, and the ring, but they were different from the English institutions of the same names. There is no betting in one sense, but there is a sort of public sweepstakes in which everybody puts down so much on the horse he thinks likely to win. If he chooses an outsider, the chances are that there will be few with whom he will have to divide his winnings; if he chooses a "hot" favourite, he cannot expect much more than his stake to be returned. The races were much like other races, except one for farmers' horses. It was ridden by Hungarian farmers without saddles, and in their natural costume. A huge nightshirt flows down to the feet, and is sewed up to make a loose pair of trousers. A aleeveless waistcoat is stuck on, and the long white arms of the shirt fly loose, a foot or so broad, at the wrist. The head is covered with something like a tea-cosy, or a smoking-cap, with a feather stuck in it, and the dress is complete. The horses were light-looking, but active and business-like, and the riders rode as keenly as if the race was for life. Two of them could not get their restive animals off till the others had run nearly half the course, but they insisted on running it out as faithfully as if they had a ghost of a chance of winning. Over every incident of the race the excitement of the crowd was as great as it could have been at home, and the "road out" was as dusty and as full of perilous chances to carriage or rider. But there was no such carnival of "gaminism," either here or at Vienna, as on an English racecourse. There were no Aunt Sallys or Cheap Jacks, or men with nimble peas or shows, or Chinese jugglers. Everything was decorous and business-like, till the common eagerness over the race made the whole world kin. I was called home hurriedly, and the vivid contrast between Pesth and London was the most startling of my experiences of Eastern travel. W. J.

# MY TIME, AND WHAT I'VE DONE WITH IT.

BY F. C. BURNAND.

### CHAPTER XIII.

MR. COMBERWOOD ENTERS - SUNDAY AT RINGHURST.

He was an enormous man, every way. Over six feet, and stout out of all proportion. The dog-cart horse, specially purchased for this work, could do nothing more in a day than take his master to and from the station. In London all omnibuses were closed against him at the price, and cabmen suddenly became singularly short-sighted when hailed by Mr. Comberwood on the pavement. Once he was in the same situation as the famous Irishman who, being taken in a sedan-chair whereof the bottom was out, remarked that "but for the look of the thing he'd as lief have walked" -that is, Mr. Comberwood's legs appeared as auxiliaries to the wheels: fortunately without accident, and without either a summons or an action. You can't expect an ordinary vehicle, intended for ordinary persons, to carry an elephant; and an ordinary driver, obliged to take up a fare whatever his size, can't bring an action against his customer for exceeding a certain weight.

Mr. Comberwood's practice was therefore chiefly in chambers, where Mahomet came to the mountain, the mountain being a necessity to Mahomet as a client.

He had a bald head, bordered from temple to temple with hair, as evenly and exactly as if he had been measured for it by a village barber, with an inverted wooden basin, and this hair was as curly and neutral-tinted as the Astrachan trimming on a lady's jacket. He spoke quickly, and repeated his sentences, in part, or wholly, as might be necessary. His countenance was capable of three expressions, and three only.

The first was humorous, the second irritable, and the third blank incapacity. He appeared at his largest when wearing the last expression; it was the one that came naturally to him after dinner, when he spread himself out over a stalwart arm-chair and stared at the fire, which must have seemed to him like the glow of the setting sun illuminating the outline of his waistcoat's horizon. The first and second expressions merged into one When humorous he became suddenly irritable, and when irritable he became suddenly humorous. Also if his wife were inclined to be irritable, he became immediately humorous. She herself had no humour, nor appreciation of it.

He kissed Mrs. Comberwood and Alice (which I did not like), and told the boys to help him off with his great coat. It was a great coat with a vengeance. Judiciously parcelled out, it would have clothed a deserving family of eight.

He was very glad to see me.

"Hullo!" he said; "Master Colvin, hey? What's your name? what's your name?—hey?"

This was said so fast as to be almost unintelligible to me. I paused, and smiled. I did not like to ask what he had said. He did not, however, give me time to think over it, as he went on hurriedly, wearing his humorous expression,—

"Not got a name—hey? No godfathers and godmothers—hey? What did your godfathers and godmothers do for you—hey?"

"Papa!" said Alice, reproachfully.
"They gave him a name—hey?"

" Cecil, sir."

"Cecil-hey? Cecil. Here, Dick,

take that fish to the cook; don't tumble down with it now—hey? Do you hear?"

"Yes, Papa."

"Now then," he went on, "hands washing—'what no soap, so he died'—hey?" To me: "Did you ever hear that story, Master Cecil. 'No soap—she bear—and the Great Panjandrum with the little round button at the top'—hey?"

I had not, and hoped he would tell

me.

Mrs. Comberwood now thought it

time to interfere.

"Dinner is already very late," she said, with the precise certainty of a person who knows what o'clock it is to a minute, "so I do beg you will get

ready at once, Stephen."

We passed that evening, a very short one, with the weight of the coming Sunday morning on us. This was to be the first Sunday I had ever spent away from home in the holidays. Miss Alice was generally for straying into theological discussion, while Austin read, and Dick taught me the game of Fox and Geese with draughts. Mr. and Mrs. Comberwood talked about the people who were coming, and who were not, to their party. Alice joined them in this, and my attention was drawn towards them twice by the mention of Herbert Pritchard and Mr. Cavander.

"How's Uncle Herbert—hey?" asked Mr. Comberwood; "you didn't know he'd be here. Yes: come to look after you and give a good report to your father—hey? What a good boy am I —Horner in the corner—hey?"

Then he resumed his part in the con-

versation.

On Sunday morning he read family prayers. Kneeling was out of the question with him. He did it vicariously, through Alice, who was devotional enough for the whole party, enjoying it so evidently, that, not being accustomed to outward piety, and knowing nothing at all of inward, I wondered mightily.

During the morning, all mention of the coming theatricals and party was banished. Mr. Comberwood did ample justice to the breakfast in the true spirit of a holiday-maker who has the entire day before him. On week days he scarcely knew what breakfast meant: it was a hindrance, which very often had nearly caused the loss of his train. But on Sundays, this, and luncheon, were novelties to be thoroughly enjoyed.

We did everything to the sound of the bell, so much so, that I soon began to derive the name of the place from this practice. A bell got the servants out of bed, and us out of our sleep. Bell number two ordered them to break-The third bell was to inform us that they could not go on any longer alone, and "their betters" must get up and help them. The fourth bell invited us to breakfast. This was an economical bell, and did duty for prayers too. Then came the church bells, running after one another merrily ever so many times, then taking breath, then coming out at intervals in pairs, then the laggard by himself was peremptorily stopped by the church clock striking the hour. Then on our return, there was bell number five for us to prepare, so that the announcement which would have to be presently made should not take us by surprise; then number six, which let out the secret of luncheon, and number seven to summon the servants to dinner in the servants' hall. Tea had another bell, being the eighth. The ceremony of dressing for dinner was celebrated with a good rattling fantasia, number nine, on the bell. Dinner itself was the occasion for the tenth, the servants' supper for the eleventh, and evening family prayers the twelfth.

We walked to church slowly and comfortably. Alice had plenty of questions to ask poor old women, tottering old men in slate-coloured smocks, and

shy children.

The church at Whiteboys was the first village church I had seen, that is I mean with a purely village congregation. It had its Christmas decorations, chiefly done by Alice Comberwood. It was an old Norman church, and one of the few objects of interest in the neighbourhood. It had been patched up and re-

stored, and its massive pillars were half hidden by the high pews. The pews indeed were so high that had a stranger suddenly entered during the lessons, or the sermon, he would have thought he had come upon a clergyman rehearsing his part in an empty church. Looked at in perspective and on a level, the tops of the pews seemed like a sea of fixed waves, between each of which, when the heads popped up, you sud-

denly beheld the bathers.

This description could not of course apply to Mr. Comberwood, and a-propos it now occurs to me what a magnificent Suisse he would have made in a French church. I could not help remarking Mr. Comberwood during service. was short-sighted, and took a long time to find and fix his eye-glasses. He generally got hold of the wrong psalm, when he made the responses, in a rather husky, but very audible voice, and so quickly, that he had finished his verse before the rest of the congregation had got half-way through theirs, when, having done his part, he would look round from under his glasses (he always viewed everything from a point either above or below his eye-glasses, never straight through them), as though inquiring irritably, "Why the deuce don't you get on-hey?" When his wife, or Miss Alice, would point out his mistake to him in a whisper, he replied aloud, "Hey-what?"

Having ascertained the nature of their communication, his legal training rendered it compulsory on him to verify their assertions by reference to the calendar, when having arrived at a right and proper conclusion, and found the correct psalm, he had to wait some seconds in order to adjust, as it were, his ears to the new sounds, and test the accuracy of the congregation's responses by the text of the Prayer-book. When the hymn time came, he put his whole voice into it, and shot ahead of organ, choir, and everybody, until the antagonism got so fierce as to threaten the peace of the worshippers. He led them whether they would or not, that is to say he was first, the organ a good second, and the

people last, following sulkily. When on coming out of church he observed, "That was a beautiful hymn to-day—hey? very fine hymn—hey?" you might be certain that he had had quite a field-day of it, all to himself. Occasionally the choir skipped, by arrangement, verse number three, an omission of which Mr. Comberwood took no notice, singing it right through without faltering, and commencing verse number four just as the clergyman was commencing his short pre-preaching prayer, and the congregation were settling into various praying attitudes, of which the one considered most reverential at Whiteboys was a compromise between kneeling and sitting, which was neither one nor the other, and very little of either.

Alice knelt. She had a beautiful book in Gothic binding, the printing being in red and black. She was enthusiastic at lunch-time about her pupils for the choir of boys which she had begun to train, and spoke with deep regret of the sentiments and opinions of the parish clergyman, who, she said, was fast asleep and wanted waking.

In the evening we had sacred music, when Alice sang sweetly, and I was enraptured. Bedtime was at an early hour, and when I had tucked myself carefully up for the night, Mrs. Comberwood entered, and bending over me, said, "Good night, Master Cecil. You have no mother, poor boy. You shall be one of my boys. Good night. God bless you." Wherewith she pressed her lips on my forehead with another loving motherly kiss; and I have seldom fallen asleep as happily, and in such sweet peacefulness, as on that first Sunday night at Ringhurst Whiteboys.

#### CHAPTER XIV.

MONDAY AT RINGHURST—THE SISTERS— LIKES AND DISLIKES—AN UNWELCOME GUEST WELCOMED,

MR. COMBERWOOD went up to town on Monday morning early. He breakfasted hurriedly, keeping his eye on the clock and his watch, as though suspicious of some collusion between these two to prevent his catching the train. The dining-room clock was two minutes in advance of his watch, corroborating the latter's evidence, and volunteering additional statements. Then, everything necessary for his departure, although displayed in perfect order under his very eye, on the hall table, had to be requisitioned hastily.

"Where's my coat—hey—my coat?

Now then, Dick."
"Yes, Papa."

"Ah!"—here the butler assisted him on with his overcoat. "Now, let me see-where's my umbrella? Can't go without my umbrella." Umbrella produced. "Ah! gloves-hey-no gloves? Alice—where——" Gloves shown to be waiting for him. "Ah! now then there—there hey?"—this to me, with a humorous expression. "Nothing you want me to do in town? No "-this to his wife-"Very well-I shall hear about the professional person you know -all right." Then with a vast amount of puffing, he hoisted himself on to the driving-box of the dog-cart, adjusted the reins, called out to the groom "Rough shod? no stumbling? Hey?" to which the man replied that it was a thaw, the snow lying only in long strips about the country, as if rows of white linen had been left out to dry on the ground; then on Mr. Comberwood crying out, "Let her go! ky up!" the groom released the horse's head, dashed after the trap, clambered up and took his seat behind in all the stern composure of folded arms, the evident representative of ignorant Prejudice turning its back on Progress, with which it is compelled to be carried along in spite of itself, and looking only to the traditions of the past.

The performances at Ringhurst had been long ago projected by Alice Comberwood for the stirring up of the neigh-

bours generally.

"No one ever does anything here," she said, in the course of the morning, complainingly to Mrs. McCracken, her elder sister, who had come to stay over the festivities.

"You're better off for amusement than we are, though, Ally," replied her sister, who was providently knitting worsted stockings.

Miss Comberwood had married a Norfolk clergyman with, it was said, "prospects." In a certain sense this was decidedly true. There was already a family of three. "Prospects," unqualified by any sort of adjective, command a wide range. To make up for the omission of an adjective, old ladies talked of Mr. McCracken's prospects with pursed-up lips and graduated nods, whose movement, beginning briskly, died away imperceptibly, like those of the China mandarin's head in a grocer's, which are becoming as rare as

Mr. McCracken's prospects consisted in reality of little more than what he surveyed from his kitchen window, in the rear, and from his drawing-room in front. How poor country clergymen manage, not only to exist respectably on two hundred and fifty per annum, but to send sons to the university, was, at one time, as great a problem to me, as ever it must have been to them. But when I met the sons, when I knew what they had learnt at home, what they could turn their heads and hands to, and how-what with scholarships and odd prizes, such as, hidden away from sight in dusty old collegiate corners, do exist for the benefit of honest lads like these-they contrived to lighten their father's burden, while improving their own position, then I understood it all; and if ever I require a couple of heroes for an epic, I know where to find my models. Much to the disappointment of my friends, I take this opportunity of stating that I have no intention whatever of writing an epic.

And the only use of the above disquisition is to present you with a fair estimate of Mr. McCracken's prospects, which had not improved since his marriage, and were not regarded in a hopeful light, privately, by Mrs. McCracken, who, however, was as blithe, cheerful, and contented as, I believe, she

would have been with half the sum, or double.

"Ah," said Alice, "you don't care about amusement. You've got your

own at home."

Mrs. McCracken smiled, paused, looked at the fire-place with the air of having forgotten something, and resumed her knitting. Then she observed—

"I don't care for theatricals, if that's what you mean, Ally. You know I

never did."

"I know you were always Little Mother, weren't you, Nellie? Always staid and quiet, and ever so many years

older than you really are."

"Nellie has a good deal to occupy her time," said Mrs. Comberwood, who was rather reserved in evincing her own admiration for her second daughter. She was afraid of her.

"Yes, of course she has. She was cut out for a clergyman's wife." Then she added, as if fearful of having said something unkind, "Dear Andrew! I'm sure there's not a better brother-in-

law in the world."

" Nor husband," said Nellie, sedately.
" Yet I do think," cried Alice impulsively, "that clergymen ought not to marry."

"My dear Alice!" exclaimed Mrs. Comberwood, who had caught a whisper of this before among the "newfangled

notions."

"Then all the young curates would be licensed to flirt on the premises. Very dangerous!" laughed the elder sister, speaking as one who, from her experience, could afford to ridicule such a notion. In her old-fashioned and well-regulated ideas, a clergyman was, necessarily, a marrying man. If it was not good for man, of the laity, to be alone, much less was it for man, of the clergy.

Alice saw matters in a very different light, and was in a heat directly.

"I don't see why they should flirt."
"It is their nature to," said Mrs.

McCracken, still laughing.
"Nature, dear! There is something
more than nature required for a clergy-

man," replied Alice, warming with her subject.

"Something more than nature ? Well

good-nature, I suppose."

Alice did not approve of this levity on so serious a subject; or rather on a subject which she had chosen to make so sacred. Yet she had given herself a mission, which was to convert her family-from their own views to hers. The service, at Andrew McCracken's church, was as unpalatable to Alice as the informalities of a meetinghouse; and she thought that could she influence Andrew in the direction of ornate devotions, and just a trifle more surplice and stole to begin with, what a great thing it would be for-for what? Well, she would not hesitate to reply— " For the future of Anglicanism." This I heard her say to Austin, who seemed to ponder her words, as he caressed his favourite sister.

They dearly loved each other. Austin was two years her junior, yet his grave countenance and generally delicate appearance, gave him an air of seniority which was much increased by his calm demeanours and thoughtful way of speaking. He was a born student. Alice sipped books; Austin drank them to the dregs. Alice was easily daunted by uncut leaves; Austin faced them knife in hand, and conquered. Alice peeped at the last page of a novel to see how it ended; then she skipped all the descriptions, and alighted only on points of dialogue, or action. Her bent was dramatic. Austin trudged through the book-country bravely, taking it as it came—heavy plough, marsh, shady lane, or hard, open road. He paused to admire, or to reckon up matters between reader and author. He missed nothing, and, having once read any passage of more than ordinary merit, he remembered it, sometimes literally, but always its proper sense. I have already said how he told me most of the Waverley novels. It is a great tribute to the skill he brought to this kindly, self-imposed task, to record, that when I came to read "Ivanhoe, "Guy Mannering," and the "Talisman,"

I was, in a manner, disappointed. Austin's voice was wanting, and he had made reading a trouble to me. It had been so delightful to lie in bed, gradually sinking to rest, to the delicious music of romance and chivalry.

Austin had now joined them, having entered the dining-room in search of me, and the conversation took a new

turn.

"Alice."

"Well, Austy."

"The carpenter is here about the arrangements for the stage in the drawing-room. You understand these matters better than I; will you see him ?"

"Yes, at once."

"Does Mr. Cavander come home today?" asked Austin of his mother, as

Alice was leaving the room.

She stopped at the door. I was naturally interested in the reply, and looked from Alice to Mrs. Comberwood, and then back again.

" Yes. He will come down with

your father this afternoon."

" I know some one who'll be delighted to see him," observed Mrs. McCracken,

Alice blushed. At that minute I knew some one who would not be delighted to see him. That some one was

myself.

Alice, mind, was just on eighteen; I was thirteen and a half. Mr. Cavander's youth, or age, was of no consequence to me: I was jealous of him. I disliked him already: now, I could have challenged him with the greatest possible pleasure, and should have disposed of him with rapture.

I think I must have blushed deeply on this occasion, as Mrs. Comberwood and Mrs. McCracken both laughed.

" Well," said Alice, still at the door, as if the subject had so great an attraction for her that she must speak on it, "I do like him. He's very clever; isn't he, Austy?"

Austin smiled. He only asked if Mr. Cavander was going to take a part.

"No," said Alice, "that's the worst of it. He's coming to be among the No. 165,-vol, xxviii.

I know," she added, in audience. despairing accents, "I shall never be able to do anything before him."

Oh, I could have demolished him there and then. Afraid of him / Whatever his cleverness, I despised him. rather fancy I expressed myself so strongly to this effect, as to cause them all, including Alice, considerable amuse-

I wished at that moment that the drama could have been "Blue Beard," with Cavander as the celebrated polygamist, Alice for Fatima, and myself as Selim, to rush in just as his scimitar was coming down, and-whish-run him through the body. The theatricals with which I would have amused the company, should have been the kind of entertainment that upset the Danish court, and made the wicked King go supperless to bed.

The preparations occupied Alice and her brother Dick the greater part of the morning, and at luncheon Cavander was again mentioned.

"He's rather like a Jew," said young Dick, boldly.

"Have you ever seen a Jew?" asked Alice, colouring.

"Yes, at school. A chap very like Cavander-

"Mister Cavander," interposed his mother, correcting him.

"They do not learn manners at school," said Alice.

"And they don't teach 'em at home," retorted Dick, who had a hot temper.

" Hush, Dick," said Austin, gravely. "Oh, humbug!" cried Dick, who had somehow got thoroughly out of temper with everybody. "Cavander's a fool, and Alice makes such a fuss about him."

I could have embraced him.

He went on :

"Yes, you do, Alice; and you look at him when you're talking, as if you wanted to know whether you're saying your lesson right-and-when he's here you never come with us-and-

He couldn't fire off his revolver quick enough. But before he was stopped—as he was with spirit by Alice, who was immediately backed by her mother's authority—I think one bullet had certainly gone straight home. In a half-apologetic, half-sulky tone, Dick continued, giving a last shot as he retired,—

"Well, you know you do. You're always talking with him about churches,

and that sort of thing."

Alice brightened up, and the two other ladies smiled. The absurdity of Alice's attempting such a conversion as Mr. Cavander's had often, ere now, been a subject for their quiet merriment.

"It's a fancy she has at present," was Mrs. Comberwood's opinion; "she'll

give it up as she gets older."

In the afternoon Alice and Dick went out riding. I was offered a pony, but did not feel quite certain of my capabilities, although I should have liked to have accompanied Alice.

Later on Mr. Comberwood arrived, bringing down a heap of packages from town, and appearing, as Mr. Verney might have described him, "in his character of Izaak Walton, on the threshold of the honest alehouse, where he was welcomed by the buxom hostess"—that is, with the usual basket of fish. Having seen his parcels all deposited, and kissed his wife, he said, briefly, "Here's Cavander," rather as if he had counted him among the packages, and after the turbot.

"Anyone else ?" inquired Mrs. Comberwood, after welcoming her visitor.

"Let me see—let me see," said Mr. Comberwood, fumbling about in all his pockets, one after the other, as though he had mislaid a friend or two in an odd corner. "No, not to-day—not to-day."

He chorused his last words in his fussy way, walking about, and sniffing suspiciously, in a fee-fo-fum and ogreish fashion, and then stopped to stare at me, with an expression of comic surprise at seeing me before him on that par-

ticular occasion.

"I've seen your Uncle Van, to-day—hey? Yes——"

"Any message for me, sir ?" I asked, with an air of importance.

"Yes-of course-he said bad boy-

whip him—hey ?" Then he followed his wife into the library.

While we were all here, Alice returned. She came in from her ride the very picture of full bloom. The sweet scent of the fresh country air was upon her: its fragrance about her. As she walked

its fragrance about her. As she walked into the study amongst the old musty books, it was like letting the bright light of a May morning in upon a closely curtained chamber.

"Miss Alice! how well you are looking!" said Cavander, advancing to take her hand, in evident admiration.

Ah! she had not seen him at first: "it was so dark," she said, "coming out

of the open air."

"Shall we return to it, if you are not fatigued with your ride?" he asked, and his voice was so sweetly modulated, and yet so strangely to my ears, that it was like the effect of a commonplace tune, set by a skilled musician to the most perfect harmonies.

"Yes, I am a little tired," returned Alice. "Come and see Bess before they put her into her stall. She was a favourite of yours, you remember. She's so much improved, you wouldn't know

her again."

"That's unkind, Miss Alice. I'm not a George the Fourth. I never forget a favourite."

So chatting, they left the room. He had taken no notice of me, beyond saying, "Ah, you again," when he first entered.

Cavander classed boys with toy dogs —expensive, useless, stupid, dirty, and

always in the way.

Master Dick's behaviour towards him was consistently sulky, and to my mind Cavander was less of a Doctor Fell than heretofore, as now I had positive and clear reasons for disliking him.

Had I been asked what harm could possibly come from Alice's partiality for Mr. Cavander and his liking for her, of course I should have been utterly at a loss for an answer. I was in a minority, without even the shadow of a right to an objection. Dick was with me to a certain extent. Austin tolerated him on his sister's account,

and committed himself to no opinion on Cavander, except as to his cleverness, which he admitted. Indeed, with Alice, he was fond of listening to him talking on most subjects. The family generally appeared to be proud of their visitor. I was ignorant of evil, but I was jealous. Being jealous, I was suspicious of there being a great deal more than met the eye; but as to the nature and extent of what I feared, I was totally in the dark.

Ignorance is the best soil for suspicion, and, therefore, mine flourished

prodigiously.

#### CHAPTER XV.

RINGHURST — PROSPECTIVE ARRANGE-MENTS—FIRESIDE FANCIES—ARRIVALS —A FULL HOUSE—I AM STARTLED— THE RESULT OF UNCLE VAN'S DILEMMA.

THE piece to be played by our elders in the Ringhurst Whiteboys back-drawing-room was a French proverbe, with which a grateful English public had already been made acquainted by the help of a kindly version rendered into language understanded of the people. Alice had read this aloud one evening to her parents, and had suggested "getting it up." So it was got up, and to avert hostile criticism, and to keep the evening's entertainment to its original domestic character, Alice arranged a little after-piece, as already described, wherein, however, her brothers would not play unless she joined them, as authoress and actress. So she consented, and stooped to the pigmies in order to disarm the giants. Her appearance, in Naughty Little Blue Beard, seemed to introduce the reality of children's make-believes, and the freshness of innocence among such otherwise overpowering vanities as were those of costuming, painting, and directing and ordering at rehearsals.

And what to all well-regulated minds, let me ask, is the attraction to us seniors (we do not go to the back of the box always, or if we do, we push ourselves forward into priority when we think there's something we haven't seen,

though we know we shall pooh-pooh it afterwards)-what, I ask, is the attraction to us, at Christmas-time, in the heated, noisy theatre, if it is not the sunny smiles of the children making the gas-light garish? To see them all in a row, gloves, oranges, and playbills-a ripple of laughing waters-it does your heart good, and warms you towards the oldest jokes, clumsiest tricks, and stalest stage devices. But, understand me, even in this retrospect I say distinctly to see them, not to bring them. I once unbosomed myself sweetly on this subject at a table where, it being Christmas-tide, the hospitality was profuse, and there were olives to the wine. and olive-branches round about; and the good hostess exclaimed, "You love children! Ah!"-here she turned up her eyes, and thanked heaven for a man. and not a brute-"I will give you a treat. Will you come to the pantomime with us to-morrow week?" ravished, I was enchanted, I would look forward to it with rapture. The day came-so did the evening. Dinner was provided at five, that we might be in time. In time for what? For the first piece before the pantomime, which is, I am aware, played by the most patient and energetic artists, amid howls and execrations from the upper and uppermost galleries. It was a tea-dinner, too, such as I have already described as having fallen to the lot of Uncle Van. In fact, it was not a dinner at all, considering what I had had at that house. Papa was obliged, he artfully said, to leave us on business, but would join us at the theatre. The sneak! He deserved his amiable wife's cutting sarcasm, wherein she drew the happy comparison between the bachelor who doated on children (me), and the husband who avoided them (him). But oh, the miseries! I had to sit on the box of the fly. I had to hold everything; argue with everybody; pay anybody who preferred a claim. Finally, I was put right at the back of the private box, where I leaned my head against the side, like a disjointed punch-doll, in the vain attempt to catch even a glimpse of a dragon's tail. The next day I had a cold and a stiff neck. But, even on this purgatorial occasion, their infantine hilarity came to me like a message from heaven; for assuredly it told me of good things going on in an unseen world (I have said the stage was invisible to me on account of my position), concerning which I could only

guess, or take their statements.

The announcement, then, that the lesser Comberwoods were going to play a little piece written by their elder sister, drew (so to speak) a house, and many wrote for permission to bring friends—a free-and-easy way of increasing a party to any extent, much practised both in town and country, and often taken as the discharge of an obligation. In this sense, as asking costs nothing, except perhaps the trouble of polishing up a certain amount of brass, the practice is valuable, on economical grounds.

The party had grown into something like the proportions of a county ball, and had begun to frighten Mrs. Comberwood. At this time Mrs. McCracken was most serviceable to her, and undertook the general direction. As for Comberwood, he, for his part, would have had all England invited, and would have "taxed the costs," severely, after-

wards.

The county people liked the owner of Ringhurst, and were inclined to be gathered together round his board, as often as he liked to invite them. There was a jovial geniality and warmth about him, which was as attractive as sealingwax after friction. When they entered Ringhurst, they felt, instinctively, that there was a round of beef, and a chine, and a pasty, and a Tudoric flagon, in the refectory—that, in short, they had not been asked merely to heat the house with their breath, and save the fuel.

No, Mr. Comberwood blazed out on his guests, and welcomed all without distinction. He had secret corners, though, for choice spirits who cared for oysters and stout (from London) in preference to all the champagne and chicken you could give them; and he knew, too, having concocted them himself, which were the cups to make you wink, and gasp, but clutch the handle all the more firmly for such expressions of emotion; and these cups he would recommend to his gossips.

However, much had to be done before we arrived at the supper, which to some of us boys was not by any means the least portion of the evening's amuse-

ment

I had to work for my meal for days before—that is, I had to study Baron Abomelique, be perpetually called into the housekeeper's room to try something on (for our dresses were homemade), and to be ready at any moment to hear Austin, Dick, or Alice, if required by them to lend them my ears, in return for theirs, occasionally.

Mr. Cavander lounged about, and when the important business of the morning was over—which was, of course, our theatrical preparations—Dick would be called upon to ride with his sister Alice, who was invariably accompanied by Mr. Cavander. Dick sulked and wouldn't, but Alice told him it was unkind, and then he obliged her. He often anticipated their return, riding back alone.

When evening darkened the house, Alice, who loved the fire-light, as being "thinking-time," would sit in a low chair, and hold silent communion with

the glowing logs and coals.

Mr. Cavander was never far from her at this hour; and, sometimes, Mamma and Mrs. McCracken would consent to take their refreshing cup of tea in the dark. This predilection for comparative obscurity was unintelligible to the practical elder sister.

"You can't read, you can't sew, and really there's something, to my mind, so oppressive in it, you can hardly talk," said Mrs. McCracken, who did not approve of everyone giving way to Alice.

"I do not always want to read, I do not always want to sew, and I think we all talk a great deal too much," said Alice, whose face was thrown into a Rembrandt-like shade, by the red light on her dress, from her knee downwards.

"It is nice to be quiet sometimes," observed Mamma, trying to find a safe place for her tea-cup, "only why not be quiet with light. I really cannot see at all."

"We should see much better were we to rest our eyes oftener," said Alice, sententiously.

"Close them, then," said Dick, at full length on a settee.

"Dick's right," observed sister Nellie, quickly, in order to save him from consequences. "We go to bed too late as a rule."

"For my part, I love this time of the day at this season. Indeed, I am not sure if I do not prefer it far above all other times and seasons throughout the year." Alice thought over her own proposition, and then continued: "The fire is such a companion, and such a superior being, too."

"Miss Alice is verging on the doctrines of the Parsees," said a voice, whose owner was now part and parcel of the sofa.

"Better than the Parsons," exclaimed

"Dick!" said Mrs. McCracken, reprovingly.

"Beg pardon, Nellie, only fun," Dick apologized; "but Parsee is like Parson."

"Not in sense," said his brother Austin, gravely. "The Parsees are disciples of Zoroaster, and worship fire."

"It is very natural, since they begin with the sun, of which fire is the off-spring, and the living image. I worship the fire—in winter. I agree with Miss Alice. The fire does seem to have a sympathising heart; a warm, glowing heart; a living heart, with a placid pulsation."

"We can hear it beat, can we not?" inquired Alice, approving the simile.

"Yes!—Listen! Calmly: now excitedly, as though it had great things to say. Now there is a change in its constitution. No, it recovers, is brilliant for a second, so that all around catch the ray at different angles, but are helpless to return it, only showing up our own dull-headedness against the fire's wit."

"There certainly is nothing so cheery, or cosy, in a bedroom," said Mamma.

"Or so roaring, noisy, and eager in a kitchen," added Mrs. McCracken, who had been thinking it out.

"Look at it in a blacksmith's," cried

"In a study," said Austin.

"In a drawing-room," I suggested, vaguely, but with some remembrance, toc, of one cold, steel, and highly-polished fender at my father's. I would rather have quoted Mrs. Davis's nursery fire, or that of the Verneys' at dinner-time. I felt that we were playing a sort of game of How do you like it, When do you like, and Where do you like it, of which I had not as yet filled up the blanks in my formula.

"No," said Alice, planting her elbows on her knees, and stretching both hands out towards the fire, as though imploring its inspiration for her on its own behalf. "See it in a sick-room. How quiet, soft, and purring! How comforting to the invalid is the mere sight of it, telling, as it does, at once of human sympathy, of unremitting care! As long as there is a fire, there must be hope. Fire is necessary to life; it can be of no use to the dead."

"Alice!" said her mother, shivering. There was a pause. We seemed to have drawn ghosts about us, as the shadows grew upon the walls, higher and higher, like spectral creepers.

Mrs. McCracken was for coals, or a log, at once. Alice prayed her to stay her hand.

"Don't bring the servant in," said Alice; "all the ghosts will run away if Bale comes in with the candle. Don't!"

"We prefer," said Cavander, identifying himself with Alice, "we prefer darkness rather than light."

"But not for the same reason, I hope," returned Mrs. McCracken, who did not feel quite sure whether Andrew would have countenanced this sort of conversation. The Rev. Andrew had once preached strongly about "idle words," and she had not forgotten that sermon. In fact, she had occasionally turned the

weapons of that homily against the worthy Andrew himself, when he had been stupidly irritating, as husbands will be sometimes. However, he wasn't there to explain himself; and had he been, his explanations, out of the pulpit, did not carry conviction to her mind on all subjects. Besides, Mr. Cavander was, everyone said-and she could testify to it, too-a very superior man, who (everyone said this also) wrote in some philosophical magazines, and even in The Times, and was shrewd, too, in business. Who was she, Mrs. McCracken, out of her parish, to sling at this champion? No; if it pleased Alice to essay his conversion, why it was a fine employment for Alice, and she might hear some plain truths from a man who was not only clever, but commonly sensible. So she reseated herself, and joined in letting Alice have her way.

"Certainly not," said Cavander, answering the last speaker, "although we do wish to propitiate the shades."

"I wish there were fairies," observed Austin, quietly, preferring these to ghosts. "I mean Pucks, Titanias, and Oberons. I have a book of stories, with pictures of goblin faces in the fire, and elves twisting about in the smoke. If they are in the sick-room, they must be very good spirits, unless they take to making the kettle boil over, or pulling off the lid."

"Mediæval writers," said Mr. Cavander's voice, for he had by this vanished altogether, "spoke of a spirit behind all forms of life. The spirit of fire was to them as real as to a Parsee; perhaps more real in proportion as their credulity was stronger."

"Their faith," Alice suggested, with some show of nervousness in her voice.

"A synonym in this case," replied

Cavander, quietly.

"No," she answered quickly, "faith cannot be credulity. I am not credulous because I believe."

"Credulous is derived from credo," said Austin, to whom a new line of

thought had occurred.

When in after-years we have arrived at a sure and calm haven, how almost hopeless is the search back again over the trackless waters to find what breeze first caused our shifting sails to swell in its direction.

"I think," said Alice, speaking cautiously, "one is bound, or almost bound, to believe in the existence of disem-

bodied spirits."

"But the popular notion of a ghost," replied Cavander, "is an embodied spirit. If I hear a human voice uttering words, I know that certain organs must be in exercise. I know that I am near nothing dead, but something living and human. I am bound to believe this by common sense: there is no other compulsion."

This was not at all what Alice wanted, and both Mrs. Comberwood and Mrs. McCracken were secretly delighted at this very reasonable answer as to ghosts.

Alice felt that she was called upon to assert her belief in the supernatural, and on the strongest and plainest grounds.

"There is the Witch of Endor men-

tioned in the Bible."

Here, at least, it occurred to her that she should have the Rev. Andrew McCracken's better half and her mamma with her. She was doomed to disappointment.

"I trust," said Mrs. Comberwood, "that you don't rank the Scriptures

with ghost stories, Alice."

She had a mind to say something severe on new-fangled notions, but, for her, she had gone far enough.

"No, Mamma, of course not," replied

Alice, somewhat pettishly.

"Miss Alice meant that she was willing to accept as fact an improbability, if it came to her on such undeniable authority as that of the Bible."

From which it will be seen that Mr. Cavander could adapt his conversation to his company. Alice felt grateful to him for the rescue. It is dangerous to the well-being of a weak state that it should be obliged to accept the voluntary services of a powerful ally, who may, at no distant date, imperiously dictate, where once it deferentially advised.

"I should think it is nearly time to dress," said Mrs. McCracken, rising.

The dignified Bale entered with candles, and finding us all thus sprawling about as if we had fallen on to the sofas and chairs through the ceiling, expressed facially no astonishment, but, guarding himself carefully, and in the best-bred style possible, against treading on any other people who might be strewn about at haphazard on the carpet, he placed his lights, while his attendant drew the curtains with a sharp, decided click, as though there were spectators outside who hadn't paid their money for the show; and having, officially and distantly, answered some questions as to "time," and "his master," withdrew.

"Are the thingummies to come tonight?" cried Dick, suddenly, jumping up into an erect position, and shaking

himself into his clothes.

"Thingummies?" repeated his mother, who preferred to hear spades called spades, if there were reasons for so

"Yes: you know what I mean,"which, by the way, is peculiar to boyhood, which generalizes and trusts to chance-"I mean the fellows who are going to play. Mr. Longlegs-

"Mr. Langlands, Dick," said his mother, fearful of her son calling her guest this to his face. "Why, he will think that we have been speaking of him as Longlegs behind his back."

"Their rooms are ready," said Mrs. McCracken, "Mr. and Mrs. Jakeman, Mr. Langlands, and Mr. Dothie."

"And we shall have a rehearsal this

evening," said Alice.

"May I be prompter, or call-boy, or something?" pleaded Mr. Cavander; "if you have nothing to employ my talents, what shall I do?

"Talk to Mrs. Jakeman," said Alice; "she's very nice." And she swooped

down before the fire.

"Thank you. She will be watching her husband's rehearsal the whole time. and expatiating on its beauties. No; do let me be prompter."

"Austin's going to prompt on the evening itself," I remarked.

Cavander took not the slightest notice

"In the first piece," said Austin, "that's all. The person whom Papa brings from London is to prompt and do everything in that way while we're

getting it up.

"Then," said Mr. Cavander, "I shall constitute myself a claqueur, and shall rehearse when I am to laugh, cry, applaud, and throw a bouquet. Come, Miss Alice! I may be of use to you, may I not?"

She turned round, smiling on him; and their eyes met. In a second hers were lowered before his, as the vanquished ship salutes the victor on the high seas. It was a lesson in silent eloquence; but it was the master in the

The bustle and the bells all over again. To-night we sat down a large party to dinner, for Mr. Comberwood's two carriages had arrived with the corps dramatique, consisting of the guests

above mentioned.

art instructing his pupil.

Then came the Rector of Whiteboys, the Rev. Mr. Tabberer, and his daughter, who was to take a part in the first piece. The whole talk was of the stage; and the gentlemen-amateurs spoke Olympian demi-gods on a visit to men, telling good and racy anecdotes of a life higher than ours, and freely and honestly expressing themselves refreshed, and revived, by the incense of praise offered at their shrines, by the devotees to whom the Olympians knew they could be uncommonly useful. What is the use of being on friendly terms with a demi-god if he can't get you into Olympus? A fico for your outsiders-these lovers of the drama for its own sake (which soon came to mean for their own sakes; but once in their early days it was not so, but then they were not demi-gods) accepted sacrifices of houses turned topsy-turvy at their word, and libations of champagne at the hands of those who yearned for even the acquaintance of a cloud in Olympus. These demigods of the sock and buskin, invited right and left, introduced left and right, ordained where civility should end, and

where begin, and graciously put Christopheros Sly at my lord's supper table, asking my lord in turn to the theatricals chez Christopheros, which honest Christopheros, once a cobbler in a stall, now a millionaire in a mansion, was only too

pleased to give.

Mr. Comberwood was in no need of these demi-gods; but if your theatricals were to be the thing, and as good (at least) as your neighbours', then it was as necessary to success to reckon on Messrs, Jakeman, Dothie, and Langlands in the night's programme, as to secure the name of Serjeant Blyster on the brief for the defendant in an action for libel. Percival Floyd, late of old Carter's, and now a big hulking fellow, reading for the army at a private tutor's in the neighbourhood, had been invited to fill some minor character. His legs were still his difficulty, but were gradually assuming a military character, a result, probably, of the direction of his studies.

I remember liking them all very much. They were very kind to me, and Mr. Langlands condescended to call me "an infant Roscius." They were vastly polite to Miss Alice and attentive to Miss Tabberer, and appeared to appreciate Cavander highly, having been, it seemed, all of them, well acquainted with him in London. They confirmed his mysterious literary reputation, and put such questions to him as were intended to show the bystanders how much they themselves knew, and to draw some corroborative information out of Cavander. Directly after breakfast "the young uns," under Miss Alice's direction, were to rehearse for an hour, which we did, with as much regularity and precision as if we had been at lessons.

At the end of that time the stage was to be occupied by the "professional person" from town, to whom Uncle Van had been introduced by Pipkison at the "Burlington Baa-Lambs," and who, having already arrived and taken up his quarters at the "Old Whiteboys Inn," was to have the stage to himself to arrange for our elders, with whom

he would then spend the greater part of the day rehearsing.

Having finished my task, I was crossing the hall, when I stumbled upon a gentleman in a grey countrified suit, removing a comforter from his throat, and by his side a young lady most elegantly dressed. Her back was towards me, but at that instant she turned, and the sunlight fell full upon her. Had she come suddenly through the wall on that golden ray, I could not have been much more astonished.

"Julie! Mr. Verney!" I exclaimed, and pulled up suddenly with my hand out—the group looking uncommonly as if we were playing at some eccentric game of Partridge and Pointers, in which they were the birds and I was the dog, mark-

ing them down.

### CHAPTER XVI.

A CHANGE COMES O'ER THE SPIRIT OF MY DREAM-A COLD FAREWELL.

In some old Irish tale, the peasant who has been spirited away into a sorceress's castle, suddenly takes up a pipe that he finds lying near him, and commences to play a lilt. At the first note, Devildom had vanished, and he was at his own peat fireside, clasping his dear Norah round the waist. One

note of home had done it.

Frampton's Court had been a home to me. Julie represented its good fairy, Mr. Verney the-the-well, I don't know what he represented except himself, unless at Frampton's Court he might be considered as a sort of Don Wiggeroso Pomposo, the comic Chamberlain, who gives up his grandeur to dance with As a man has indelibly the King. impressed upon him the stamp of his public school, or university, like a hall mark, so I had the impression of Frampton's Court on me strongly, and no desire to be rid of it. It was, to me, to belong to a secret lodge, a confra-I fancy I could pick out a Frampton's Court man now, could I see one. If a queen has died with "Calais" written on her heart, can I not live with "Frampton's Court" engraved on mine? Whether I can, or not, or whether the material fact be true (which in any case I doubt), is not to the purpose here, seeing that Frampton's has been in my heart for years, worn by time, but not erased. In an instant Ringhurst Whiteboys had vanished, and I was once more in my old home.

Mr. Verney himself was the first to break the spell. While Julie stood by his side, smiling so prettily, he welcomed me to Ringhurst White-boys. Having, in imagination, previously taken possession of this baronial residence, it might, from his manner, have been the property of his ancestors

for generations.

"My dear Master Cecil Colvin," he said, waving his hand gracefully, as if pointing out the beauties of the place to me, swaying his body gently meanwhile,-" My dear Master Cecil Colvin, how lovely is this scene! This is indeed rural and yet baronial, from cottage to court! and without, what more lovely spectacle to a mind capable of appreciating the physical beauties which a Watteau might people, and a Claude depict,"-here he took breath, recovered his theme, and continued-"Yes, sir, what can be more thrillingly entrancing than the ancient face of ever-bounteous Dame Nature, smiling upon us through her tears, and with the pearl-powder of last night's masque not yet brushed from her dumpling—I should say dimpling-cheek ?"

He meant that the snow was still on the ground in places. But his lapsus linguæ had recalled to my mind Pomona the Goddess of Apples, in Frampton's

Court.

"In patches, yes," he returned, for I had asked him if this were his meaning. "Powder and patches. Dame Nature in powder and patches, with the trimming of the flow'ret crocus on her mantilla, and a faint sniff of the last rose of the previous summer wafted to us from the somnolescent Flora."

"Have you come to stay here?" I

"No," he replied in an off-hand way. "I was asked to superintend the rehearsals of the drawing-room comedy, in which I have myself taken a part, and know all Madame Vestris's business in it, from flirting her coquettish little fan, down to the pointing of her delicate, pinky-tipped, satin slipper. Your relative. Mr. Van Clym-I am correct in his nomenclature, I believe-for though I think I may safely trust myself not to err in any word of purely Saxon character,-and it is astonishing how the best educated people mispronounce their own mother tongue, -yet I am not so certain when I cannot, so to speak, feel my feet-I mean, for example, on the soil of Holland, to which country your worthy uncle-uncle is he not ?-

"Yes."

"Your worthy uncle no doubt belongs. Ahem! I was about to say "-recalling his own attention to his original theme on noticing a desire on Julie's part and mine to start a conversation-"I was about to inform you that I had the pleasure of making Mr. Van Clym's acquaintance at one of those convivial meetings to which your youth yet renders you a stranger-where the voice of jocund melody delights the ear-where the pathetic song gives you hysterica passio all down the back, like a flash of lightning on a finger-post-where the feast of reason is enlivened by the play of wit and fancy, with Mr. Pipkison, our mutual friend, in the chair, who introduced me to your Dutch uncle-I mean no offence-and instructed me to the effect, that, if I would not mind running down-metaphysically, for I came by train-to Ringhurst Whiteboys, I should confer an obligation, increase the circle of friends, and add another five years to my life, by sharing with the feathered warblers the pure breezes toying with the thatches of our English homesteads. Apart from this, they have made it sufficiently worth my while to enable me to bring Julie with me, after a consultation with her mother, who is of opinion that this brief change will vastly benefit our child.

The others, thank you, are doing well,

Here he was stopped by a sneeze, so sudden and so powerful, as to have all the effect of a violent shock from a galvanic battery. There was a tremendous report, and then his whole frame vibrated, after which he stood for some seconds, clutching at the wrong pocket for his handkerchief, and struggling as it were with a fiend of sneezing, which had been exorcised, and was now doing his worst, and last, on quitting

Mr. Verney's human form.

The noise brought out nearly everyone to inquire into the cause, Mr. Langlands among the rest, who, proud of recognizing Mr. Verney as an old theatrical acquaintance whom he had known "behind the scenes," and who would assist his own reputation by corroborating his theatrical experiences, seized upon him at once, and insisted upon his recovering his equanimity by means of a glass of sherry, or other refreshment. Floyd lounging in at this moment was introduced to Mr. Verney, and then stood staring heavily at little Floyd was, at this time, something between a raw recruit and a middy.

I was still in wonderment at little Julie - little no longer, and yet she was not so tall as I-she looked so much older than she ought to have looked; and the secret of this I have since discovered, though, when at this time she told me the reason herself. I was not sufficiently experienced to under-

stand her.

"Do you still play in pantomimes," I asked, "and come out of flower-beds?" She was quite indignant with me.

"Oh dear, no!" she answered. "I haven't done that for ever so long. Why, last two seasons I've been in the opera. "The opera?" I exclaimed.

Floyd stroked the down on his upper lip, and regarded her attentively.

The notion I had of the opera at this time was not in any way founded upon what I knew of a theatre. The opera (I remember this fancy so well) was, to my mind, some enormous building like

the Colosseum at Rome, of which I had seen pictures, with singers and music and dancers, somehow, all about, with the irregular regularity and inconsistent con-

sistency of a dream.

That little Julie, who had played with me, who had looked over my picturebooks, and received some instruction at my hands, who had, moreover, only, it seemed to me, quite lately been small enough to go into a theatrical cauliflower or a parsley-bed; that this little creature should be, in a long dress of the fashionable style of the day, with bonnet, and the neatest wristbands, and gloves to match, telling me of her prowess at the opera, was a greater puzzle, far greater, than if Mr. Verney had announced his appointment to the see of Canterbury, and had walked in dressed in a shovel-hat, knee-breeches, apron, and gaiters.

"The Italian opera," said Julie. was one of the pages in the 'Huguenots'

and in 'Favorita.'"

"What!" exclaimed Alice's voice. She had advanced with Austin unperceived, and had overheard the conversation. Floyd was still caressing the fluff meditatively. No one seemed to take any notice of him. And, after all, he was only a supernumerary in the theatricals.

Stranger still. Comparing Alice with Julie, there seemed to be but little difference. Both were, in my eyes, young women, only that I knew Julie's age.

Little Julie's life, hard work at home, and the necessity of working for her livelihood, had nearly made up the interval of years between them. As I looked from one to the other (for I was confused, and did not know exactly what to do), Julie became less and less; dwindling away, in spite of her dress and bearing, to the little Julie with whom I had gone marketing to the à la mode beef-shop-my Julie, in fact, of Frampton's Court.

"You accompanied Mr. Verney?" Alice inquired, with some hauteur in her tone, while Austin appeared interested

in the new-comers.

"Yes," answered Julie, pleasantly.

She was not a whit discomposed, but as much at home, and as unembarrassed, as though she had lived in palaces all her lifetime.

"This is Miss Alice Comberwood,

Julie," I explained, blushing.

I loved Julie, but Alice was older and grander. Had the choice been then given me between the two, I should have taken Alice, but should have requested Julie to wait until she was two years ahead of anyone of whom I had become enamoured. My love gave me the superiority, and, somehow or other, the notion that, in carrying off Alice, I should be a successful rival of Cavander, was at the bottom of it, I believe.

Poor Cavander! had it remained with me to banish him to the mines of Siberia when I was just on fourteen, or to let him stay in the city, Cornhill would not have seen much of him for some years to come.

"You act?" Alice asked little Julie,

rather abruptly.

"Yes, every night."

"What in ?"
"The first piece."

"Where ? I mean at which theatre?"
"The Portico," answered Julie, naming
one of the largest metropolitan theatres.

"Do you like it?" asked Austin.
"Very much. I have never done anything else."

"I wish I were an actor," he said

regretfully.

Julie smiled. She knew Frampton's
Court as well as the Portico theatre.

Alice was annoyed with Austin.

"An actor, Austy! how can you say so, when you've set yourself on being a

clergyman."

It was Alice's pet idea of his future. Austin said that he did not really mean it, which pacified her; but I could see by her manner that there was something deeper than mere annoyance at her brother's thoughtless wish, when, on being summoned to attend the rehearsal, she left us, and called her brother to accompany her.

"You remember going to the opera

last year, Mamma?" she asked her mother, in the front dining-room, a while later on, when I was then watching the performance, and Julie was sitting by what were to be "the wings," talking to Mr. Jakeman.

"Yes," returned Mrs. Comberwood, "we heard—dear me—something new, wasn't it?—yes: my memory is so bad

for names."

"Les Huguenots," said Alice.

" Ah! of course.

"Do you remember where the queen comes on ?"

"No-yes-let me see-in a sort of barge . . . ?"

"I mean where there are steps, and some women dressed as pages?"

"Oh, quite well. There were four or five very handsome young women, and Mr. Langlands pointed out what beautiful diamonds one had on, and told us that there was quite a story about it." Mrs. Comberwood went twice to the opera during the season, and forgot nothing.

"Yes. Well, that's one of them

sitting there."

"Where, Alice, dear ?"

"There," answered Alice, inclining her head towards the spot where Julie was seated.

Mrs. Comberwood was vexed. I could not then understand why she should have been; but I remember the fact, as, having overheard the conversation, I felt it incumbent upon me to assist with such information as I could bring to the subject.

"Does your father allow you to associate with—with—these people?" Mrs. Comberwood asked me, raising her eye-

brow

I was bound to reply that my parent knew nothing at all about it. Whereupon Mrs. Comberwood was of opinion that she ought to let Sir John know. This distressed me. I saw there was something wrong with the Verneys, at least in the eyes of Alice and her mother, and I determined to ask Austin what it was.

Mr. Verney was very great at rehearsal, especially with the ladies, Miss Alice and Miss Tabberer, whom he had to direct. With the gentlemen he was affable, but firm; with the ladies equally firm, but overpoweringly courteous. When he wanted to show the practical bearing of any stage-direction, he would request Julie to assist him in giving the lesson.

"Stage-management," he said, stopping to lecture, "is an art-an art, I regret to say, almost entirely lost. Thalia and Melpomene may do their best, Apollo may give us his most sparkling tunes, and, to come to modern days, a Garrick or a Kemble may conquer by the force of a genius which would sweep all before it, like Niagara over a dustbin, and absorb every moving creature in its own exhaustive vortex with the irresistible succulency-I should say, the tremendous suctional power-of the Northern Maëlstrom." Here he paused, expanded his chest, which was swelling out, as it were, with the great notion of the last simile, and beamed on us all round. "But," he continued, "without the stage-manager, what is the use ? Cui bono? I repeat, cui bono? Hamlet may be perfect, but if he be lost in the crowd, or if Rosencrantz and Guilderstein are brought too prominently forward, where is the opportunity for the gifted Roscius? No, sir-pardon me "-this to Jakeman, who was beginning to be a little impatient-" whether it be low-comedy, which I take to be your line, sir," to Jakeman, who was standing as if waiting his turn to advance in a quadrille-"or light touch and go, Charles Mathews' line, as I take to be yours, Mr. Langlands"—whereat that gentleman gave a mock bow, but was really highly flattered-"no matter whatever it be, stage-management is as much the necessity to our art as the light of heaven to a Michael Angelo at work on his immortal frescoes. Stage-management is the generalship of our art, ladies, and we make our successes as the noble Roman warrior made them, by strategies, which are to the ignorant, like a truffle to a bumpkin. The finest picture and the merest daub of a signboard are of equal value in the dark; and Hamlet put out

of sight in the Play scene behind Ophelia, instead of in front of her, might as well be in the sixpenny gallery sucking oranges over the brass rail as in such a position as would ruin the chance of the greatest dramatic genius in the world. I beg your pardon, sir. Now let us proceed."

From this specimen it may be imagined what time the piece, which was to last an hour in performance,

occupied in rehearsal.

Mr. Verney and his daughter were obliged to leave early, in order to catch the train for town, their engagement at the Portico necessitating their presence there soon after six.

Julie asked me-

"Don't you think me much grown ?"

"Yes, Julie, ever so much."

"I'm not," she answered; "only Papa makes me wear heels, and he will have me dress like a grown-up girl."

" Why ?"

"Because then they give me small parts, and when you've once played those you don't go back again, and you get more."

"Get more?"

"Yes; higher salary, I mean."

She stopped suddenly. At that moment a vague sense of the line of demarcation between us occurred to her. She changed the subject abruptly, and asked me whether I would not like to see her Aunt Jane again.

"Nurse?" I asked. The word re-

turned to me most familiarly.

"Yes," said Mr. Verney, who was now wrapped for his journey. "She is still a nurse. Head-nurse, too, in a very large family. She is superintendent at St. Winifred's Central Hospital, near the General Post Office, where she cheers the pallid invalids like a blooming Aurora smiling on a sickly swede in a kitchen garden." Mr. Verney's similes smacked of the country atmosphere. He asked, "Shall I tell her that you will do yourself the pleasure of paying her a visit?"

"Yes, please."

"I will. We must make haste, Julie." At this moment Langlands and Floyd entered, and Mr. Verney emerged from the upper fold of his comforter to bid them farewell, and do something in

the way of an advertisement.

"We shall see you at the Portico, Mr. Langlands, one night after the Convivial Lambs, where Mr. Floyd will give us the honour of his company." Floyd bowed, and said he should be very happy to renew the acquaintance of Mr. Verney and his daughter.

"Julie, Mr. Langlands, now plays Dolly, in The Wish," continued Mr. Verney; "a soubrette's part of considerable responsibility; something between the Humby and the Vestris in, of course, quite the early days. You will go and see her play one night, I trust. She grips the part, sir"-here he extended his right hand and suited the action to the word-" she grips the part, sir, with the nip of an irritated panther. You'll be astonished, I assure There's an intellectual grasp about her, sir, that makes you sit tight in your stall, and yet turns you over like a crocus in a whirlwind. Come, Julie. Goodbye for the present, gentlemen. Goodbye, Master Cecil."

"Good-bye; and good-bye, Julie."

When we had last parted, we embraced. But now, I was a guest at Ringhurst Whiteboys, and she was playing a chambermaid in a farce, a page in an opera, and wearing heels to her boots in order to obtain some addition to her week's salary.

It was not a parting as of old.

The next day Mr. Verney's visit was repeated, but he was out of spirits. His conversation was pitched in a minor key, his similes were dull, his instruction tame, and he did little more than merely his stage duty. He spoke to me occasionally, and disappeared earlier than on the previous day of rehearsal. I asked for Julie, but she had not accompanied him. and "would not," he added, "be again required on this scene." Her absence threw a gloom over my day, as I somehow felt that I had, indirectly, been the cause of her banishment. I was for putting this question to Alice, who, I fancied, knew more about the matter than anyone else, but, just then, her attention was fully taken up by the theatricals, and Mr. Cavander.

To be continued.

## MANZONI.

"EI FU." Such are the opening words of that great effort of Manzoni's genius, the Ode on the Death of Napoleon, and they are now applicable to the Poet himself. He was, he no longer is, the author of the greatest work of fiction in the Italian language, the poet whose best energies were employed in the praises of religion, the champion of truth and justice, the defender of the Christian faith against the attacks of infidelity; for on Thursday, May 22, 1873, at the great age of eighty-nine, Manzoni went to his rest.

"The city wears mourning" ("La città è in lutto"), was proclaimed in word and deed at Milan, and so it should be. Nevertheless the lamentations, which the loss of one at the same time so virtuous and so eminent would naturally occasion, are checked by the consideration that a life of singular honour and distinction, prolonged far beyond the usual term of existence, with full possession of all the faculties, has been brought to a peaceful close at his native place, and surrounded, if ever man was, by all " that should accompany old age, "as honour, love, obedience, troops of friends."

The slight sketch which follows is intended to induce the general reader to pursue the study of Manzoni's life and character in his works, and, in however humble a degree, to contribute

to their estimation.

Alessandro Manzoni was born at Milan in 1784. His father, whom he had the misfortune to lose in early youth, was Count Manzoni, his mother the daughter of Beccaria, the author of a treatise on "Crimes and Punishments," once much, and not undeservedly esteemed. She inherited, and further transmitted to her son, a portion of the sound wisdom and generous principles

which animate that work. It was not unbecoming the grandson of Beccaria to record, as it will be seen he did later. his horror of torture, and to expose the wickedness and uselessness of it as a judicial mode of discovering the truth. Manzoni's ambition was early fired by the example of the three great contemporaries who immediately preceded him in the difficult path of letters-Vittorio Alfieri, Vincenzo Monti, and Ugo Foscolo. He was barely twenty-one when. by an epistle in blank verse, he proved himself not unworthy of being admitted into that fellowship. In these verses he imagines that the spirit of his friend appears to him after death, and, in reply to the question as to whether he was not reluctant to tear himself from this world, he puts into Imbonati's mouth a fearless and spirited condemnation of those vices which had already filled with disgust the youthful mind of Manzoni. In them we see the first germ of those feelings by which his life was influenced the love of truth and justice, and the abhorrence of oppression and wrongwhich appear in all his works, and which, first professed at twenty-one, he maintained unchanged through a life prolonged to its ninetieth year. These verses, while by no means destitute of individual merit, are so remarkable on this account that a translation of some of them is here given :-

"Hadst thou my death Foreknown—for that foreknowledge and for thee

Alone I should have wept—for otherwise, Why should I grieve? Forsooth, for leaving This earth of ours, where goodness is a portent, And highest praise to have abstained from sin. This earth, where word and thought are ever At variance, where, aloud by every lip, Virtue is lauded and in heart contemned, Where shame is not. Where crafty usury Is made a merit, and gross luxury Worshipped—where he alone is impious

Whose crime is unsuccessful—where the crime Loses all baseness in success: and where The sinner is exalted, and the good Depressed: and where the conflict is too hard Waged by the just and solitary man 'Gainst the confederate and corrupted many.'

R. P.

In 1805 he accompanied his mother to Paris, where, by his relationship to Beccaria, whose book had been commented on by Voltaire and Diderot, he attracted the notice of Volney, Cabanis, De Tracy, and Fauriel. His intercourse with these men, who represented the Atheist school of thought of the eighteenth century, was attended by an exactly opposite result to that which might have been expected. It 'produced a strong reaction upon his generous mind, and first incited him to become the champion of the truths which they attacked. It reflects no small credit upon the natural rectitude of his principles that he should have found safety in what might have proved a dangerous snare. He met with an immediate reward, for the light of the Christian faith, which he had been able to descry amid the dark mists spread over it by her enemies, dawned full upon his mind, revealing to him the truth of those mysteries which the philosophers, in their pride of intellect, could not discern, and enabled him to utter them anew in hymns far superior in originality of thought and beauty of expression to any others which had hitherto been written. The chief of these are upon the vital truths of Christianity: The Nativity (Il Natale), the Passion (La Passione), the Resurrection (La Risurrezione) of our Lord, and the Descent of the Holy Ghost (La Pentecoste), which last is considered by his countrymen to surpass them all. More especially the invocation of the Holy Spirit in the four concluding stanzas, the Giver of that Peace "which no terrors can disturb, no infidelity shake, which the world may deride but can neither give nor take away," 1 words

"ai terrori immobile
E alle lusinghe infide,
Pace che il mondo irride
Ma che rapir non può."—La Pentecoste.

almost of inspiration, which drew from Goethe the admission "that an argument often repeated, and a language almost exhausted by the use of many centuries, may regain their first youth and freshness when a young and vigorous mind enters upon the subject and adopts the worn-out language." In 1809
Manzoni published a poem entitled "Urania;" but it was not till 1821 that he became a poet of European fame, when he wrote upon a subject of European interest—the death of Napoleon Buonaparte. The opening words of the "Cinque Maggio" have already been alluded to, in which Manzoni announces to the world the death of this extraordinary man; and, after dwelling for an instant upon the appalling effect which such an announcement must produce, unrolls in the brief space of a few stanzas the whole panorama of that marvellous life before our eyes; the passage of the Alps, the Pyramids of Egypt, the plains of Madrid, the rushing Rhine, the snowy steppes of Moscow, the Empire which stretched from the one to the other sea ("dall uno all altro mar"); the alternations of success and failure which attended his career, the glory the greater because dearly bought, the laurel of the victor, the flight of the vanquished, an Emperor's throne, or an exile's banishment, twice at the summit of all human greatness, twice levelled with the dust ("Due volte nella polvere," "due volte sugli altar"). Nor are the feelings of his own breast, as varied, as agitated as the actions of his life, less eloquently described—the fluttering hopes and fears which wait on a great enterprise; the burnings of his ambitious heart lest he should fail to grasp the prize which it was madness to hope for; the blank despair when, in lonely exile, the whole flood of memory swept in upon his soul. Once again he sees the breezy battlefield, the fluttering canvas of the tents, the lightning-flash of the infantry, the rapid rush of the cavalry, and above the distant roar of the cannon the short stern word of command, obeyed as soon as heard.

No wonder if the poet should have thought the religious consolation which he himself so dearly prized, the only balm for the bitter disappointment attendant on the train of such recollections as these, and that he should conclude his ode with the assertion that Napoleon's indomitable will bowed in submission to the behests of that branch of the Catholic Church to which nominally at least he belonged. Such is the imperfect sketch of one of the finest pieces of Italian lyric poetry, the greatest tribute which could be paid to a great genius, while it invested him with a halo of romance so brilliant as to dazzle the eye which would search for his faults. The fame which this ode acquired more than justified Manzoni's modest hope that "perhaps his lay would not die." It was translated into German by Goethe, and with care and spirit into English both by the late Lord Derby and Mr. Gladstone.

The fertility of Manzoni's genius was next displayed in two tragedies, "Il Conte di Carmagnola" (the story of the celebrated Venetian "condottiero" of the fourteenth century), and the "Adelchi," the subject being the expedition of Charlemagne against Adelchi, the last of the Longobardian Chiefs (772-774). These tragedies attracted great notice in the literary world. Both were carefully commented upon by Goethe,1 and received from him the highest praise. The "Conte di Carmagnola" he makes the subject of a careful analysis, and in conclusion he compliments Manzoni upon having shaken off the old trammels and struck out for himself a new path in which he walks so securely as to make it safe for others to follow his footsteps. praises him for his polished, careful details, the simplicity, the vigour, and the clearness of his style, and adds that, after a most careful examination, he could not wish a word altered. Nor

was this all. Goethe wrote again upon the same subject to defend a young author, in whom he felt a deep interest, from the attacks of English critics in the Quarterly Review.1 The "Carmagnola" was also commented on in the Journal des Savants, the Revue Encyclopédique, and the Lycée Français. Manzoni replied to his French critics in an elaborate letter on "l'Unité de Temps et de Lieu," written in French to Monsieur Chauvet, and pronounced by Fauriel himself to be "just, profound, and conclusive." The "Adelchi" shortly followed upon the "Conte di Carmagnola," and justified the expectations which had been raised by his first tragedy. Goethe, whose interest in Manzoni had been further stimulated by a personal acquaintance, and who also commented on the "Adelchi," now pronounced that "Manzoni has won for himself a most honourable place among the modern poets; his beautiful and really poetical talent is founded upon genuine human sympathy and feeling."2 Neither the "Adelchi" nor the "Carmagnola" is adapted for actual representation in the present time, or in the present theatrical circumstances, but the "Cori" which they contain, and which, formed on the model of the Greek tragedies, Manzoni first introduced into the Italian drama, are really noble specimens of lyrical poetry. Speaking of the two in the "Adelchi," Goethe observes that they reveal to the mind in one moment a chain of ideas, which stretches back into the past, fills the present, and reaches forward into the future. The first of these relates to the surprise of the Longobardian army by Charlemagne's troops, and concludes with the author's condemnation of the theory that the deliverance of Italy from bondage would be secured by the intervention of a foreign power. The second, upon the death of Ermengarda, the wife of Charlemagne, who, when unjustly repudiated by her husband, took refuge in a convent, is almost

<sup>1</sup> Goethe's Werke, vol. xxxviii. pp. 252 -305. "Neueste Italienische Literatur." These criticisms were first published in the "Künst und Alterthum," an Art Journal, edited by Goethe from 1818 to 1828.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> No. XLVII., Dec. 1820, P. 86.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> Goethe's Werke, vol. xxxviii. p. 296.

unrivalled in deep and tender pathos. The following translation will perhaps suggest some of its beauty to the reader, or at least induce him to consult the original:—

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- "Loose dishevelled tresses, thrown Wildly o'er her panting breast, Drooping hands and marble brow, The dews of coming death confessed; Rapt in holy thought, her eye Sought, as she lay, with trembling glance, the sky.
- "The wailing ceased; the solemn prayer
  Rises from the choral band,
  Upon the death-cold countenance
  Descends a gentle hand;
  And o'er the azure eye-balls' light,
  Spreads the last veil of never-ending night.
- "Lady, from thy troubled mind, Chase each earth-born hope and joy; Praver, the broken-heart's oblation, Yield to God, and die! Far from realms of time and space, Is thy long suffering's resting-place.
- "Ah! such thy unrelenting fate,
  Sad mourner here below,
  Thy prayer for forgetfulness
  Ungranted still to know;
  At length affliction's sacrifice,
  Unto the Lord of Saints, in sainted grief, to
  rise.
- "When those sleepless shades among,!
  That cloister's holy aisle,
  Those altars ever worshipped
  By the virgin's holy toil;
  E'en there, amid the vesper strain,
  Rushed on her thought the days that may
  not be again,
- "While yet, beloved, and careless
  Of the morrow's treacherous chance,
  In pleasure's maddening ecstasy,
  She breathed the gales of France;
  And mid the Salian daughters there,
  Went forth the most admired, the fairest of
  the fair;
- "When, her bright hair decked with jewels, From some watch-tower's lofty place, She beheld each object, instinct With the tumult of the chase; While, bending o'er his slackened rein, The Monarch, with his flowing hair, came thundering o'er the plain.
- "Behind him came the fury
  Of the fiery snorting steed,
  The rapid flight, the quick return,
  Of hounds in breathless speed;
  And, from his penetrated lair,
  The savage boar rushed forth, with fiercely
  bristling hair.
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- "Pierced by the Royal archer's shaft, His heart's-blood dyes the trampled plain; See, from the ghastly sight she turns To her attendant maiden train; Her shrinking face, which sudden dread, All lovely in its agony, with paleness overspread.
- "Oh! Aquisgrano's 'tepid stream!
  Oh! Mosa's wandering flood!
  Where, the rough chase's tumult o'er,
  His mail unclasped, the warrior stood;
  Beneath whose ever-freshening wave,
  His limbs, with noble toil-drops stained, the
  Monarch loved to lave.
- "As the dew-drop softly falling
  On the burnt and withered plain,
  To the scorched and faded herbage,
  Gives the vital juice again;
  Till in its former glory smile,
  With renovated verdure, the once-parched
  and sickly soil:
- "So o'er the harassed spirit,
  Which an earthly love has broken,
  Descends the gracious influence
  Of a word, in kindness spoken;
  Until its gently healing art,
  To another and a calmer love, diverts the
  aching heart:
- "Alas! but as the morrow's sun
  Climbs the heaven's fiery way,
  The still and heated atmosphere
  Consuming with its ray:
  Bewithering all around
  The slender grass, just lifted from the freshly
  moistened ground.
- "Thus, though lost in brief oblivion,
  Will immortal love return,
  And the spirit, unresisting,
  With its wonted fervour burn;
  Recalling to their well-known grief,
  The thoughts, that vainly wandering, sought
  a permanent relief.
- "Lady, from thy troubled mind
  Chase each earth-born hope and joy;
  Prayer, the broken-heart's oblation,
  Yield to God and die;
  Die, and let the sacred earth
  Thy tender reliques hide, the witness of
  their birth.
- "Rest, Lady, rest; in still repose
  Grief's other victims lie;
  Wives, whom the sword left desolate,
  Virgins betrothed in mockery,
  Mothers (oh agony!) compelled to hear
  The shrieks of dying sons yet writhing on
  the spear.
- "Thee from Royal lineage sprung,"
  From th' oppressor's guilty race,
  Who found in coward numbers strength,
  In reason insult, and in right disgrace;
  In blood their privilege, their pride,
  Remorseless to have lived, remorseless to
  have died:—

"Thee kind misfortune lower placed
Amid the suffering crowd;
Have then thy rest—their pitying tears
Shall deck thy early shroud;
No word of insult shall be said,
No act defile the ashes of the cold and
blameless dead.

"Die, and to thy lifeless face
That peaceful calm restore,
Which, the future unpresaging,
Rapt in present bliss it wore;
While with thyself alone,
Sweet converse held the happy thoughts
beneath the virgin's gown.

"Thus, from the riven thunder-clouds
The setting sun unrolled,
And the shadowy mountains, mantled
In a flood of trembling gold,
Unto the pious swain betray
An omen, as he gazes, of the morrow's
brighter day."
R. P.

There is only one chorus in the "Conte di Carmagnola," which describes in vigorous language the din and fray of the battle, in the midst of which there is no confusion; and the poet contrives to carry his own conviction of the wickedness of civil war home to the mind of the reader. The rather obscure passages of history which serve as a basis to each of these two tragedies are carefully illustrated by the author in historical notes.

The work of Manzoni which is best known is probably "I Promessi Sposi." It has been translated into all European languages, and has been as popular-can more be said ?—as an historical romance by Sir Walter Scott. It was founded on the model which he furnished; it had, like his works of this kind, for its object to amuse, interest, teach, and improve the reader, to make a particular portion of history stand, as it were, alive before him. History supplied certain facts and dates, imagination peopled the place and the times with living persons dressed in the manners and costumes of the epoch, whose actions and fortunes were so interwoven with the true facts of history as to make the reader interested in the former necessarily acquainted with the latter. The object of Sir Walter Scott and Manzoni did not end here, but both strove to show that "Virtue alone is happiness below." Both refused to make vice attractive; both thought that to do so in the course of the romance, even though in the end it were punished, was high treason against morality and religion. Perhaps of Manzoni it may be more truly said than of any other successful writer of romance, that his work contained "no line which dying he could wish to blot." The scene of "I Promessi Sposi" is Milan and the neighbourhood of Como and the Italian lakes; the time is the early part of the seventeenth century. The love-story of simple good persons, Renzo and Lucia, affords the opportunity for exposing the vices and virtues, the customs and manners, lay and clerical, of the epoch, and of introducing an account of that most terrible of Divine chastisements recorded in history-the plague, which ravaged Milan and its "contorni" in 1630. To attempt to describe what Thucydides, Lucretius, Boccaccio, and Defoe had described was a bold undertaking, but it was successful, as any reader of the thirty-first chapter of the third volume may see, and mainly because Manzoni imbued his narrative with the spirit of contemporaneous and original memoirs which he carefully consulted. He speaks wisely, and with full experience of the living incommunicable "power" which such records possess.1 The never-failing tendency of such a visitation to disclose the worst and the best features of corrupt humanity appears in these pages, as in the everlasting record of the plague at Athens. Among the many philosophical passages in this romance, the effect of famine upon the minds as well as the bodies of the sufferers, and the increase of its inherent evil by a legislation which vainly attempts to alter the laws of nature, are forcibly described. The romance would be well worth reading were it only for the study of the characters, which are in truth so well known that it is only necessary to touch slightly upon them. The author does not fall into the mistake of making either his

<sup>1 &</sup>quot;Forza viva, propria e per dir così incommunicabile vi sia nelle opere di quel genera comunque concepite e condotte."

hero or his heroine too perfect. Renzo, bold, enterprising, and impetuous, is weak-minded and easily led into snares, -witness the scene in the "Osteria" at Milan,—but misfortune tends to strengthen and develop his character; and when at the last he shows himself capable of a great and noble effort in the forgiveness of his enemy, Don Rodrigo, the reader feels he has earned the happiness in store for him. Lucia's character is gentle and retiring, and her instincts, always good, are strongly opposed to the kind of irregular marriage which her mother compels her to attempt as a mode of extrication from their difficulties. The account of the failure of this attempt makes one of the most spirited chapters in the book. This is the only instance of her principles failing her. Afterwards they guide her straight through the terrible dangers which beset her path, such as the scene in the Innominato's castle, where by her firm faith and simple eloquence she becomes the first instrument of his conversion and change of life, while her gentle, loving nature easily leads her to forgive those who had caused her so much misery. The really fine characters which claim, if it may be so said, the personal affection of the reader, are Fra Cristoforo and Federigo Borromeo, Archbishop of Milan. The character of the first, to which the clue is given in the history of his youth (chap. iv.), speaks in his actions, the fruit of a life of self-denial and humiliation imposed in order to atone for the crime of his youth committed in a moment of fierce passion. From that time, from the moment of his asking forgiveness of those whom he had wronged, and accepting the "bread of pardon," a portion of which he preserves in his wallet as a perpetual reminder of his fault, wherever there is a good deed to be done we find him, comforting his poor friends Renzo and Lucia in their hour of need, confronting the villain in his castle, and for their sakes patiently swallowing his insolent words, nursing for three months the plague-stricken people in the Lazzaretto at Milan, and

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dying from the exhaustion consequent upon these labours, but not before he has forced Renzo to forgive his enemy. and absolved Lucia from her rash vow. The character of Federigo Borromeo claims at once admiration for the holiness, harmony, and repose which are its chief features, made more striking by contrast with the violent scene in the Innominato's castle, which immediately precedes the introduction of the Archbishop into the story. We feel, indeed, that "his life is like a stream of pure water issuing from the rock clear and limpid, pursuing its long course through various countries, without once stagnating or suffering its waters to be troubled, and throwing itself still pure and sparkling into the river. . . . He had the firm conviction that life is not intended to be a burden for many and a feast for only a few, but to all alike a serious business, for which each will have to give an account: and from his childhood he sought how he could best render his existence at once useful and holy" (chap. xxi.). And this beautiful description of his character forms a fit introduction for the affecting scene between the Archbishop and the Inno-Don Abbondio, the weak priest, plays a middle part between the virtuous and the vicious in the story. Excluded from the first category by his selfishness and cowardice, his vices are not of a sufficiently positive nature to place him distinctly in the latter class. Still Manzoni is careful to point the moral, showing how great mischief may be caused by such mere negative qualities, as all the calamities in the story date from his refusal to perform his duties from motives of personal fear. vicious characters are drawn with much vigour, and probably only too much Two of the most remarkable passages in the work represent the agony of mind they undergo: Don Rodrigo, when cut down by the plague in the midst of his career of crime (chap. xxxiii.); and the Innominato ("the Nameless One"), that other strange character, whose stony heart is melted by the prayers of Lucia, and who in the bitterness of his remorse is twice on the point of committing suicide, were it not for his half belief in "something after death" ("se c'è quest' altravita"). The changes which take place in his mind before he seeks the Archbishop are admirably pourtrayed. The minor characters—"Agnese," "Perpetua"—who often make the comic element of the story, are so described as to give that light and shade which makes the par-

ticular charm of the work.

The "Colonna Infame" is an historical treatise, written as a kind of supplement to the "Promessi Sposi," 1 and intended to illustrate that portion (chap, xxxi.) which describes the plague at Milan in 1630. In the panic caused by the pestilence there grew up a strange popular belief that the disease was purposely spread by persons who were supposed to anoint (ungere) the walls of the streets and houses of Milan with a fatal poison. Were it not for the careful explanation contained in this chapter of the "Promessi Sposi," it would be incredible that so preposterous an accusation should have obtained any credit, Manzoni traces it back to the very beginning of the plague, which spread with such fearful rapidity because the magistrates, who formed a Sanitary Commission, persisted in denying the reality of the dreaded and horrible disease, and refused to take the necessary precautions against it. The belief that a class of persons existed capable of deliberately spreading the infection by poison once established, the accusation was soon fastened upon some unfortunate victims. Their innocence of a crime which had never been committed, was of no avail in the eyes of judges predetermined to find them guilty. After the horrible custom of those times, they were put to the torture and forced to denounce themselves. Nor did the falsehood thus wrung from them avail them. They were put to death with circumstances of horrible cruelty: the house of Il Barbiere Mora,

the supposed preparer of the poison, was pulled down, and the "ColonnaInfame" raised upon the site to record his infamy. Till the year 1778, when it was pulled down, it might have been said of this, as of our City Monument, that it,

"Pointing at the skies, Like a tall bully, lifts the head and lies."

Manzoni proves in his treatise, where the contemporary evidence of this disgraceful trial is carefully sifted, that the Column of Infamy recorded the guilt of the judges and not of their victims. Perhaps the preface to this work is the most striking part of it. Pietro Verri, in his "Observations upon Torture, which were suggested by the same horrible occurrence just alluded to, draws an inference as to the uselessness as well as the cruelty of that method of procedure for the discovery of crime. But Manzoni, Beccaria's grandson, goes deeper into the subject. It is not so much the cruelty, though that fills him with horror, as the flagrant injustice of the proceeding, which is so revolting to his just mind: "The horrible victory of falsehood over truth, of armed fury over defenceless innocence." The labour which he has spent upon this work will not, he adds, "be wasted if the indignation and loathing which must result from the study of such horrors are turned against those sinful and revengeful passions, which cannot be discarded like false systems, or laid aside like bad institutions, but which, by the contemplation of the hateful end to which they lead, may on other occasions be rendered less ungovernable in their fury and less fatal in their results."1 Manzoni's energies were next employed in refuting an attack upon the Catholic Faith contained in Sismondi's "Histoire des Républiques Italiennes" (tome xvi. p. 410). He entitled the book "Osservazioni sulla Morale Cattolica," and it refutes the position that attacks upon the dogma, rites, and sacraments of the Church deserve to be called Philosophy.

The life of Manzoni is best related in his works, for he took no part in the

 <sup>1 &</sup>quot;I Promessi Sposi," chap. xxxii. Vol. III.
 p. 236. "Riserbando però ad un altro scritto la narrazione di quelli (unzioni di Milano)."

<sup>1 &</sup>quot;Colonna Infame," Introduzione, p. 15.

political affairs of his country, and, for the last forty years, has lived chiefly in We only hear of his being retirement. made a Senator of the kingdom of Italy in 1860; and in 1868, in spite of his advanced age, he assisted in preparing a report on producing unity of speech throughout Italy, taking for a basis the Florentine language. There are but few details of his private life either to be collected. He married, in 1807, Enrichetta Luigi Blondel, to whom he dedicated his tragedy of the "Adelchi." She died in 1833, and he afterwards married again. He appears to have left no son worthy of the name, his son Pietro having pre-deceased him, to whose children, Renzo, Vittoria, Giulia, and Alessandra, he has bequeathed his manuscripts ("Autografi"). will contained no disposition with regard to his funeral. It has been well said of Manzoni that he himself, like his hero of the "Cinque Maggio," took up his position between two ages (" s'assise tra due secoli"), and that the undying wreath which his genius prepared for the head of Napoleon really rests upon his own brow, and, speaking for ourselves only, we prefer the renown derived from the empire of the Poet over the hearts and minds of his countrymen to the bloody victories of the Conqueror, however great the military genius by which they were won. Manzoni questioned posterity as to the reality of Napoleon's glory-

> " Fu vera gloria ? . . . ai posteri L'ardua sentenza."

Posterity is answering, if it has not already answered, in the negative. Manzoni's laurels were never tarnished by envy, hatred, malice, uncharitableness, or wickedness. There is <sup>1</sup> something in-

<sup>1</sup> See some details of his domestic life in La Perseveranza of May 26. expressibly beautiful and elevating in his old age. Retired from the tumult of the world, feeding himself on literature, cheered and animated by religion, modest in the extreme, receiving visits from every distinguished person who passed through Milan, accepting with courtesy, but without emotion, the homage of princes, with the one exception, it is said, of Victor Emmanuel, who had fulfilled the Poet's dream—the Unity of his much-loved Italy. returned, and it is narrated as an exception, the visit of the King of Italy. For, says an eloquent writer, probably his friend Signor Bonghi, in the Perseveranza of the 29th of May, "He had two faiths-one in the truth of Catholicism, another in the future of Italy-and the one, whatever was said, whatever happened, never disturbed the other. In anxious moments, when the harmony between the two was least visible, he expected it the most, and never allowed his faith in the one or the other to be shaken. Rome he wished to be the abode of the King; Rome he wished also to be the abode of the Pope. Obedient to the Divine authority of the Pontificate, no one passed a more coror defended with more firmness, when rect judgment upon its civil character. speaking upon the subject, "the right of the State." It is really not an exaggeration to say that Italy wept over his bier, while it has been calculated that a hundred thousand persons were actually present at his funeral. It is to be hoped that this intense appreciation of piety, patriotism, genius, and mental culture may supply a happy omen for the future of Italy, to use her lost poet's expression-

" Augurio di più sereno dì."

C. M. PHILLIMORE.

## MEDICAL REFORM.

A NEW Medical Act (1858) Amendment Bill has been brought into the House of Commons this Session, in which the defects of previous Bills are repeated, and some new ones appear for the first time. The number of the nineteen bodies which in this country possess the power of licensing medical practitioners, the inequality of their examinations, and the difference in value of the degree or diploma they grant,-these are absurdities of which everyone is conscious. But they are absurdities legalized by Act of Parliament; they existed before the Medical Act of 1858 was passed, and the situation is in no way so altered as to justify the vehemence with which the small reform now in contemplation is urged on the profession. That scheme is a trifling modification of the arrangements determined in 1858; and unless it can be shown that the last fourteen years have witnessed the development of serious evils, it is too soon to disturb the country with any partial legislation.

The reluctance of the public to interest themselves in medical politics is intelligible; the profession is not eminently practical, and is far too apt to overburden its plans with details. Especially was this the case last year; for our ruling body, the General Medical Council, seemed to think the millennium has arrived, and the licensing bodies were determined to dispel the illusion by agreeing, each on its own scheme of details, without allowing any question of general principle to disturb its thoughts.

But the time has come for the consideration of this question, Is the government of the medical profession to be left to itself as heretofore? Is this self-governing body to have the sole right of certifying those men who are to

practise among the people? Nay, more, is this power to be exercised by nineteen practically independent, self-governing, bodies, even under the restraint of voluntary combination in three groups? The Bill of the present Session proposes to add to the General Medical Council six representatives elected by the profession at large; but this simply continues medical self-government, and adds sundry chances of error. present agitation has been promoted on the ground that the public require better security for the fitness of medical licentiates to practise, and it is proposed to give this security by combining the self-governing bodies into three boards, each member of which has thereby less responsibility, while there is no imperial control over the conjoint boards.

What I wish to appeal to the public is this, that if it is necessary to guarantee the public safety, it is the business of the State to undertake the task. State intervention has been agitated before now: but, 1st, it involves interference with use and wont, and, 2nd, with vested interests; 3rd, it is centralization; 4th and lastly, it is German. I do not despair, even with these four formidable war-cries certain to be raised on every side, of seeing State intervention yet adopted in this country. But it is first necessary that the public should realize the fact that it is neither statesmanlike nor prudent to rest its safety on the mutual supervision exercised by antagonistic bodies.

The nineteen licensing bodies are :-

I. In England :-

University of Oxford. Cambridge.

Durham.
London.

Royal College of Physicians. Surgeons. Apothecaries' Company.

## II. In Scotland :- "

University of St. Andrews.

- Aberdeen.
- Glasgow.
- Edinburgh. Faculty of Physicians.
  - Surgeons.
    - Physicians and Surgeons.

## III. In Ireland :-

- Dublin University.'
- Queen's University.
- and Queen's College Physicians.
  - Queen's College of
- King and Surgeons.
- Apothecaries' Company.

All the Universities have the right of licensing practitioners as well as of conferring an academic degree. Their degree, moreover, is a "complete" qualification, that is, it certifies knowledge both of surgery and physic. The other nine bodies, commonly called for convenience the Corporations, grant incomplete qualifications, that is, their licentiates are either physicians or surgeons; but any two of them may combine so as to give on a single examination the two diplomas which constitute their recipient equal to him who holds a University degree (equal, I mean, legally, for the inequality in professional knowledge is one of the contentions at present urged).

The Universities, except that of London, are teaching bodies; the nine corporations are associations of practitioners united under charters; they are self-elective, self-managing bodies.

The teaching bodies differ in the amount and kind of instruction they give, Oxford and Cambridge not affording teaching in all the required subjects, but they send out with the degree of M.D. highly qualified men of science. The Scottish Universities on the other hand are the medical schools of the people, and they furnish complete curricula. They supply the country with doctors as with clergymen and schoolmasters. Their graduates are not necessarily scholars, in the Oxford sense; the degree of M.A. is, however, becoming The cost more frequent among them. of living puts it in the power of a very humble class to take a degree, and it is only right to add that some of the great

names in medicine came from the poorest class. These differences between English and Scottish Universities exist among the Scottish Universities themselves, though to a less degree. They are in both cases based on differences of University management or of social arrangements; but of these more anon. The University graduate must have studied for a certain time in his University: the rest of his studies may have been accomplished at other Universities, or at such schools (teaching bodies which possess no licensing rights) as may from time to time have been "recognized" by the University in which he desires to graduate. No residence is required by the non-teaching corporations, nor is apprenticeship at a large fee to a member of the corporation now necessary. The non-teaching bodies therefore nominally represent Free Trade; a somewhat curious transformation when we remember that their charters confirmed and maintained a system of Protection, of strict monopoly, such as no Trades' Union at the present day could suggest. But the chartered bodies do not fulfil the conditions of free trade: on the contrary, limitations have been imposed as regards the number and kind of classes to be attended, and particular places were indicated where study should be conducted. I do not say this is wrong; on the contrary, the demand for absolute freedom as regards study is an utter fallacy. If it were granted tomorrow, the number of those who should succeed in entering the profession would be diminished. In a science essentially one of observation, opportunities of observation must be provided, and Human Anatomy and Medical and Surgical practice can be overtaken only in places where these departments are administered on a scale far beyond the resources of any private teacher. The General Medical Council has done its best to demolish the free-trade absurdity by its insistance on practical examinations in all subjects. The non-teaching bodies cannot in fact act up to the ideal which has been devised for them, and if they did they would do wrong.

The names of the licensing bodies in England and Scotland being the same, their parallelism would at first seem obvious; but the Scottish Universities are, so far as their licensing power goes, on the same footing as the Scottish Corporations, and both are the equivalents of the London Corporations of Physicians, Surgeons, and Apothecaries. This must be kept in mind in comparing the work done in the two countries. One of the subjects which this recent agitation gives opportunity for considering is the possibility of assimilating the Scottish degree of M.D. to that of England.

It has been said that the differences between England and Scotland require distinct schemes for the two countries, yet in Scotland itself there are as great differences met with, which, by parity of reasoning, would require distinct schemes for east and west: in other words, would justify things remaining as they are. Between Edinburgh and Glasgow there are some points of important variation; but it would be absurd to attempt to equalize the two places by making the fees the same.

These being the chief points to be noted regarding the fourteen bodies in Great Britain, it is obvious that antagonism must necessarily exist, and that the cost to the country of medical education and examination is greater than it should be, each school or licensing body making its own charges. The competition lacks some standard; there is no pitch-pipe, the pitch is apt to fall. Competition downwards takes place, and we hear it said that the public services suffer thereby. Whether this is a fact or a fancy (for there are strong counter-statements) it is not my purpose to discuss: that the allegation is made at all is the important point, for it reveals an amount of uncertainty regarding the value of licences which should not be possible. The General Medical Council asked, and the Bill of this Session again asks, the nineteen licensing bodies to frame a scheme by which a conjoint Examining Board should be formed in England, Scotland, and Ireland respectively; and these voluntary associations would, it was fondly hoped last year, have obviated the necessity for fresh legislation. The natural consequence was that the Corporations took up a position suitable to their interests, but unsuitable to those of the Universities. The discussion is a languid one, for it is felt in Scotland that no voluntary combination can be expected to last; and if there is to be any change at all, some authoritative enactment should be made. schemes hitherto submitted have had as their leading features,-1st. That all bodies entering into the combination should resign their right of granting licences to practise. 2nd. That there should be a Managing Board, by which the Examiners are to be appointed; no manager to be an examiner. It has been suggested that the General Council or the Branch Council should supersede the managing body; but though the object is justifiable, there are strong reasons, to be hereafter stated, against this office being committed to the Councils, 3rd. As regards the subjects of examination, great diversity of opiniou prevails, England and Ireland require little short of a complete examination, while Scotland seems well-nigh agreed that a Clinical Examination will fulfil all the needs of the case. 4th. The fee is fixed in Scotland at 51. as a maximum, in England and Ireland at 30l., the sum thence accruing to be applied to "the remuneration of Examiners among other expenses of examination, to the maintenance of museums, libraries, or lectureships, or to other public purposes of any of the medical authorities:" practically, to be used as a compensation fund for anybody supposed to be injured by the Bill. 5th. The English Colleges are prepared to grant their diploma after the complete examination by the Joint Board. The Scottish Universities would confine the examination by the Board to clinical physic, surgery, and midwifery; and even in these hold their own examinations before granting their degree. 6th. It is obvious that all the schemes leave to the various bodies the right to grant

their own degrees and diplomas, of which the registration is contingent on success at the conjoint examination.

The contrast of the English with the Scottish state of matters turns on the different position of the English Uni-Practically the non-teaching bodies in London absorb the work of admitting to the profession, while in Scotland (and in Ireland, if I rightly understand the position of Queen's University) that duty is more equally The more one considers the emphatic iterations one hears of the very small number who obtain licences in England otherwise than from the Corporations, the less does one understand the urgency with which conjunction is demanded for England. But, letting that pass, we find that the Scottish Universities grant an academic honour which is also a licence, the Corporations a licence only. A single examination by a conjoint Board with a view to license would of necessity be a minimum; if it were more, it has no title to exist by voluntary agreement. It can scarcely be expected that a University should agree to the whole of its examinations being replaced by one conducted by men for whose special knowledge there is no sufficient guarantee. I discuss here the theoretical relations of the licensing bodies; and desire that to be borne in mind, so as to avoid the personality which has been, and may again, be introduced, for aught I know, into the controversy. The Corporations, on the other hand,-I again speak of their theory of existence,-are the guardians of the profession; they claim to say who may not be admitted, but as non-teaching bodies they can only say with how little knowledge a man may be admitted. To the Corporations, therefore, any body is satisfactory which, consisting to some extent of practitioners, represents the general or average demands of practitioners.

It is obvious, then, that in Scotland two incompatible views exist, not explicitly avowed, but underlying the discussion in sufficiently obvious fashion. The one is that the Corporations are the proper gatekeepers of the profession; the other is that the Universities have an equal or a superior, some think even an exclusive, right to the office. No satisfactory scheme of joint action was devised last year: and the failure makes it plain that any change must now come from Parliament. The question is, will the addition of representatives of the profession at large make the details of this year's Bill more comprehensive or satisfactory than they were before?

There are two distinct plans which would have the merit at least of simplicity in so far as uniform action in each division of the kingdom is concerned:—

1st. That the State should assume the right of control at the hand of a board appointed by itself.

board appointed by itself.

2nd. That the non-teaching bodies throughout the kingdom should form the sole Examining Board, the regulation of education being entrusted to such a body as the General Medical Council.

I. The State examination has been ere now brought before the profession, but its claims on public attention have never been sufficiently enforced. present a State Board superintends all parochial administration in the interests of the ratepayers; the pollution of streams is checked, and the sanitary improvement of the country is promoted by other State powers; the Board of Trade guarantees the fitness for use of our railways, and another Board secures the efficiency of our asylums and the safety from improper detention of their inmates. It seems a more important matter than some of these that the public should know for certain what they do not at present know, whether a man is really fit for the practice of his profession as a medical man. To those who think this beyond the province of the Legislature, it may be replied that though such interference is wrong in law, or engineering, or the like, where, that is to say, individual incapacity soon manifests itself and checks its own power of mischief, yet when the life of citizens and the health of this and future generations are concerned, it is as important to secure these objects as to protect our

coast against invasion. Besides, whatever theoretical objection there may be to State interference, it is too late to give effect to it after Bills have been brought in by Government, and Government has promised its support to private members who introduced measures.

Now the theory of a State Examination is, in general terms, that a body nominated by the State examines candidates for licences in all subjects which are strictly professional. Such a Board must of course be paid by the State with fixed stipends, in no way affected by the number of candidates passed or rejected. The members of the Board would be selected in each division of the kingdom, but would not in effect constitute three Boards, since the interchange of Examiners is an advantage from which we are at present debarred, but which the State Board would give opportunity for. Objection has been taken that this Board could not be put in operation in a way satisfactory to the profession, since it would be difficult to procure the proper class of Examiners. Before considering this, which is a matter of detail, there is a very important point of principle to be considered. The State Board, as giving a complete examination, would supersede the non-teaching bodies, who do not confer title, only the licence, the Universities could not accept the examination of an external body as sufficient for their academic honours, were it for no other reason, for thisthat the examination in question is a test of minimum knowledge. The Corporations then would cease to have any reason of existence as licensing bodies, and would have their functions restricted to what is now their more legitimate one, that of influencing the tone of the profession by the character of the members, by the high standard required before admission to their body, by the encouragement they give to the study of Medical Science out of the funds which they possess. The Universities continuing to grant their degrees would have no motive for lowering them, every reason to raise the standard. Their teaching at the

same time would be protected from injurious influences; nay, if the number of teaching bodies was increased, would be benefited by competition. For such a scheme as is here advocated demands that greater freedom should be given to the Medical Schools, and that greater responsibility should be thrown on them. It would not be fair for anyone to go up from a school, whom his teachers knew It should therefore be to be unfit. remitted to them to determine who might go before the State Board. Now at present the Universities alone possess The Universities have, such power. moreover, the power of "recognizing" teachers, as it is called: they have therefore an instrument of monopoly in their hands. But with the radical change I propose it would be necessary to raise the schools to a better position, to put their recognition in the hands of a modified General Council for Education. The residence required for one year at any University from which a student seeks a degree should be abolished, and the utmost freedom given in the selection of classes, so that teachers might be on the freest competition with each other. The individuality of schools is much talked of as a valuable thing which would be sacrificed by this procedure. I cannot understand what it means save the tendency to support particular views. Antiseptic and septic treatment have been individualities: even particular operations have been a kind of confession to be administered to strangers. But, so far as I can make out, the only kind of special character worth acquiring is one of liberality in teaching. That the lecturers should differ is desirable; that they should be eager in support of their views is also desirable; that there should be ample opportunity for all varieties of opinion, therein lies the honour of a school, and this would never be perilled by the free selection of teachers which the student ought to possess.

In Germany, which is happily free from corporations, the State Examination is only open to those who have a University degree, and, so far as University students are concerned, this requirement would continue to exist here. But it is not so easy to deal with the non-University students, with those who are pupils of Medical Schools. It would, of course, be easy to make a University monopoly of the inferior examination by constituting it the passport to the And in so far as a heavy State Board. responsibility in the matter of teaching would be imposed on these bodies, there would be security against monopoly engendering indifference. Moreover, at present University Examiners do not act alone: they have non-professorial aid, and that aid should be more largely than at present drawn from teachers. Indeed, it seems the worst defect in the Irish scheme recently propounded, that private teachers were specially referred to as ineligible for the Conjoint Board. A full representation of teachers on the University Boards would secure justice to the schools, and effect a consolidation of interest not at present realized. This seems preferable to the fusion of schools into a kind of unchartered university or college, and would permit of the multiplication of teachers, a power which (though for far other reasons) Mr. Lowe desiderates. For this the General Medical Council would require to be continued. Consisting as it does of representatives of the different licensing bodies with that necessary element where judicial functions may be exercised, Crown nominees, the Council is the safest body to control education and hold the balance between endowed and unendowed teachers. The grave objection to the proposal that the General Council should act as the State Board is that it contains representatives of Universities, who therefore are not untram-As regulators of education, especially as an ultimate authority as regards preliminary education, and as inspectors of the examinations conducted in Universities and Schools, an independent Board would act with the most beneficial effect.

It may be said that if the State Examination be security simply of fitness to practise, a test therefore of minimum knowledge, it would be a questionable

step to raise the standard of the Univer sities and Schools above a simple pass. Now, in the first place, men with very different ambitions seek licences, some desiring only to practise in poor districts of towns or in the provinces, men who desire only to practise a trade and care little for the science. Such men must exist, such practitioners must be sanctioned. It is simply nonsense to exclude them either by making the cost too great, or the examinations too diffi-To do so is only to drive the people into the hands of prescribing chemists and irregular practitioners of Some of the licensing all kinds. boards pass such men, but the State Board would be security that the standard in no case was allowed to sink too far. And it is infinitely better to send all through the same course than to establish the complicated red-tapeism which in Germany stamps three grades of men, the lowest having far too little training, and labouring under the further disability that they represent surgery alone, as if Medicine were not a unity of which both physic and surgery are the complete realization.

In the second place, the teacher should not have the function of deciding on more than the knowledge of his pupil. To many the responsibility of licensing is a grievous disturbance; but if that responsibility were removed, instruction would be given without regard to what follows. There would be every reason to instil sound scientific views, no temptation to teach them to pass. The process should be like that of the War Office in the case of a new weapon. The maker shows all that it can do: but a committee responsible to the State judges whether that best is enough.

II. The second plan amounts to this, that the self-elected, self-regulative Corporations should be constituted the representatives of the State, should form the Examining Board. The claim for this arrangement rests upon the assumption that the profession at large has a right of control over the profession, and that the Corporations represent the profession in this respect. The truth is that the Corporations are

agreeable clubs, into which men enter after they have reached a certain rank, or earlier if they have money; but the admission is no test whatever of that which ought to be the possession of every man upon whom it may fall to be an Examiner, viz. profound knowledge of medicine. I know Fellows of English and Scottish Corporations to whom I would not entrust the examination of a student in systematic surgery or physic, though I would entrust myself to them for a fracture or a pleurisy: they are good practitioners, but no more. Some of the worst rubbish that has been written in the periodical press on antiseptics, infection, vaccination, and spontaneous generation, has been the production of men who were at the date actually Examiners, who aspired to the office of teachers, but who were grossly ignorant of physiology, chemistry, and all that pathology which is not within the range of a knife at a post-mortem. I make the statement under a strong feeling of responsibility, and with the more confidence that my opinion is in accordance with that of some, at least, of the many genuine men of science who are the associates of these ignorant The cause is not far to seek. Upon its membership depend the funds of every club, and it is not always possible to be as strict in a poor year as years of greater wealth permit. Moreover, these bodies do not represent the medical profession: the body of practitioners has not created them-has no voice even in the disposal of the money which they pay for licence. The Corporations were local trades unions, established to protect "regular" practitioners (i.e. Fellows and their pupils) against the intrusion of irregular practitioners, i.e. unskilled men, or skilled men who had not submitted to the local union. Historically therefore these bodies have long ceased to have any right to exist; but they have to some degree adapted themselves to the present state of matters, though clinging to the traditions of power which they no longer possess. It would be a different matter if the Corporations altered their constitution so as to include a larger proportion of the rank and file of the profession, not merely taking their money, but giving them a voice in the management of affairs. Thus many younger men might be added to the bodies, who, partly because possessed of more leisure, partly because possessed of more recent knowledge, might oppose a little of the dogmatism, if you will, of the Schools, to the dogmatism and intolerance of the practitioner, confirmed in his habits and deprived for years of opportunity to follow the progress of science. Even then some representation of the teachers (Universities and Schools) would be necessary on the Examining Board, as at present practitioners assist the Professors. In this, as in the former plan, the General Medical Council, as a security for the kind of education, would continue: its numbers might, however, be diminished, nor should the fees of its members be as they are. It is absurd at present that men whose eminence in the profession is a strong point with some reformers, should meet at a fee of five guineas daily, a sum which bears a very small proportion to the incomes of its recipients, many of whom moreover receive their pay though meeting in the vicinity of their work. No one is disposed to dispute the statement that they have exercised a beneficial influence, but the cost of speech which has secured that benefit it is sad to contemplate. A smaller Board would be no less efficient, consisting, say, of a member for the Universities and one for the Corporations in each division of the kingdom, the Crown appointing a practitioner for each division. If the Corporations were more popular in their constitution, the profession would, it is obvious, be more largely represented than at present.—Mr. Headlam's Bill proposes to increase the General Council to thirty by adding six members elected by the profession at large, and to defray the cost of their election out of the registration fees. The profession as a rule knows nothing of what is going on in education, would only hear about such matters before an election. Politics, nationality, professional crotchets, would be powerful influences, and in the long run we should have the elections determined by a few wire-pullers, the self-elected Central Committee. The exercise of the University franchise in Scotland has shown how unreliable is the medical suffrage, and a ballot would prove that the British Medical Association does not represent the profession. Medical practitioners are in truth an incoherent mass, and the proposal for their representation at the expense of licentiates is one of the crudities of this, the latest Rill

the latest Bill. The chief argument in favour of the Corporations as the sole Examining Board is, that it leaves teachers entirely free; they have no longer interest in the pass lists, and only concern themselves with teaching. Even those men who have been referred to as not seeking honours which they will never need, the practitioners in poor districts, disappear from their consideration, and their only care is to secure thorough study and teaching. It is of course necessary that while all teachers should be put on an equal footing under this scheme as under the last, some limit should be assigned to the number of And this for two reasons: schools. one, that adventure teachers would certainly arise having no object but to pass men, just as we see at present advertisements of those professing to prepare for some of the boasted severe Examina-The men are passed, but the cram they have gone through defeats the object in view, which is to secure well-taught men, not brilliant examinees. In the Civil Service competitions cramming may do small harm, since the candidates may forget all in which they were tested without missing it in their future career; but the case is different when the whole career of the candidate consists in the application of that very special knowledge in which he was The other reason is, that the tested. State is bound to do nothing that will undermine the University. A University is a school in which the higher teaching is fostered, in which original investigation ought to be carried on. While, therefore, the unlimited increase of schools means competition in teaching, it means also, unless endowments are greatly increased, the lowering of the University standard. The day is past when permission to many to do a thing badly means Free Trade. There is much reason in the attempt to organize the Civil Engineers as a Corporation with powers similar to those of the medical and legal professions. But the State has no concern with law or engineering, beyond granting power to a sufficiently strong combination to certify voluntary applicants as qualified in their profession, provided no monopoly is thereby conferred such as exists in the Russian Stock Exchange. The State granted such power in Scotland to the Educational Institute, though they nullified it in the same year by offering premiums to those who should accept the State certificate. In medicine it is different; for even if the interests of individual citizens be disregarded (and the Public Health Acts show that this is not the case), the Army and Navy medical services need some protection. It is possible that the State may vet institute for medicine a College like that at Cooper's Hill for engineers; but till that is done, and it cannot be done without making a formidable charge against the arrangements of the General Medical Council, it is the duty of the State to guard the highest teaching against impairment. The duty is all the more imperative, that the strictly scientific studies do not "pay;" they therefore require some fostering, and this is most easily effected by some restriction on the number of teachers. -say, that no school should be authorized unless it consists of three or more teachers, each of them undertaking a single subject.

It must be mentioned that a difficulty exists as regards the pecuniary interests of the Universities and Corporations. If the State Examination superseded wholly that of the existing licensing bodies, the incomes of these latter would suffer in a way requiring compensation. In 1858 a period might have been fixed at which the rights of these bodies should cease; but, instead, they were fixed and confirmed by Act of Parlia-

ment, and must now be treated accordingly. If the Universities and Schools are allowed to grant certificates as passports to the State Board, the Corporations alone would suffer. If the Corporations were the representatives of the State, as suggested in the second plan discussed above. University revenues would require supplement; but what of the Corporations? It is a sound objection to the conjoint schemes and the new Bill that the fee imposed is a tax laid on for the benefit of the public, who obtain a benefit at the expense of a profession. But if only one door is open for the licentiate, if a single fee covers his licence and registration, the University degree which he may thereafter obtain carrying no stamp, then it might be fair that a part of the fee should go to the revenues of the Corporations. The Lord Advocate has disposed of legal vested interests this Session in a summary way. The Faculty of Procurators is not compensated for the deprivation of its privilege to grant licences to practise in the Lanarkshire district; it is allowed to exist as a benefit society which possesses a fine library. the Procurators have founded a Law Chair in the University. After this egislation, the Medical Corporations have not so good a plea,

This brings out an important question not yet adverted to, namely, Should the State Board licence in any case be sufficient? If it were, the State would not merely supersede the licensing bodies, it would compete with the Universities as teaching bodies which grant degrees. For this reason it seems desirable that, notwithstanding what has been said, the teaching bodies should have a secured position. Either no candidate should be admitted to the Licensing Board without a University degree, or the registration of the licence should be contingent on his afterwards obtaining such a degree. The former is probably the better plan, as giving less scope for unfair antagonism. It is only the poorer class of practitioners, to whom reference has more than once been made, which raises a And it must again be redifficulty. peated that, while the granting of an inferior qualification is not only bad in itself, but, without details of an enactment as difficult to apply as the clauses of a Fishery or Factory Act, opens up a wide door for imposture of all kinds, -something must be done to secure for the poor attendants who have received a good education. A University minimum granted under the control of an imperial State Board is a good measure The State, however, of expediency. already does on a considerable scale what tends to the mitigation of the evil. It subsidizes the medical profession in Scotland to the extent of 30,000%. per annum, a third part of the whole sum expended in parochial medical relief, the remaining 60,000l, being derived from local rates. If these Poor Rates were converted into an Imperial tax, the subsidy would be more easily raised and economically administered. It is not suggested that parochial officers should be made wealthy, but as we are trying year by year to raise the professional status of our practitioners, young men should have an inducement to take charge of a remote district either for a time or in permanence; in the former case bent on earning a reputation and experience sufficient to warrant removal to a better locality, in the latter case not oppressed with that sense of poverty and precarious income which weakens a man's energy and too often lays him open to the temptation of dissipation.

It has been urged that the difficulty of obtaining examiners would be a serious obstacle in the way of a complete examination in all departments of a medical education. Let us see how the figures stand. The registered medical

1866. 1867. 1868. 1869. 1870. 551 (= 47.5 per cent.) 341 (= 29.4 per cent.) In England . 477 (= 50.96 per cent.) 302 (= 32.09 per cent.) 457 483 530 958 266 317 In Scotland . 157 (= 16.9 per cent.) 212 317 268 (= 73·1 per cent.) In Ireland 175 927 936 924 1,164

students were in-

England thus has diminished 3.46 per cent., Scotland 2.6 per cent., while Ireland has increased by 6.1 per cent. To provide for the examination of the English students the conjoint scheme of the London Corporations proposes 42 examiners; so that if in England 760, in Scotland 555, in Ireland 485, go up for their final examination, we have one examiner for 18 men, or about 100 for the three divisions.

To put it in another way. There are in Scotland say 552 candidates; each to be examined in 9 subjects. Nine examiners sitting for 6 hours daily could,

aminers sitting for 6 hours daily could, giving each man half-an-hour, overtake 12 daily, a process which would require 46 days, more than 7 weeks. If there were two examiners for each subject, there would be 18 men kept from practice for a long time. At present there are about 40 examiners in the Universities, without counting those in the Colleges. But counting these, and allowing for the men who might be selected to co-operate, we should reduce the term of each to a week. Nor is it necessary that, even if an Edinburgh man were sent to Aberdeen, he should absent himself for a whole week in the year; a Glasgow man, or one from the Corporations, would relieve him, so that the process of mutual inspection need not have the damaging effect dreaded. Besides, there is a necessity for some self-sacrifice; and if practitioners raise the cry of reform, they must help in

carrying it out. It may be objected, too, that the cost of reform would be excessive; it would be great, and one, moreover, which should not fall on the candidate but on the State, as acting n the interest of the community. The purchase of the vested interests either of the Universities or of the Corporations would represent a large sum, but the examinations would not cost more than 9,000l. Some economy would be effected by reduction of the General Council, and the balance would form a proper charge against the Consolidated Fund. If we take the year 1869, attendance at the General Council meetings cost, in round numbers, 1,800l.; the smaller Board would cost 6751. But these are details on which it is not necessary to enter till some agreement is arrived at regarding the general principles which have been set forth.

The foregoing remarks have been directed chiefly to the peculiarities of Scotland. It is right to state that much modification would be required in adapting the proposed plans to England.

There the State Board would resolve itself practically into the Board of the Colleges of Physicians and Surgeons and the London University. The Apothecaries' Company seems doomed, in the wishes at least of its neighbours. The surrender of licensing power by the other Universities is a slight matter in fact, whatever it may be in theory.

However any new scheme may be adapted to the condition of things in each country, the unity of the new Board for the whole kingdom is an essential point in any statesmanlike legislation. The interchange of examiners, and the free admission of candidates from any division of the kingdom to the Board of any other division, are likewise essential as carrying out the intentions of the Act of 1858.

It is now certain that the suggestions of the General Medical Council cannot be carried out without some legislation. An Act is needed to ratify the surrender of licensing powers by some at least of the contracting parties. The present Bill, which is badly constructed and in some clauses unintelligible, besides proposing to plunder candidates for the benefit of ambitious practitioners and the public, puts the fate of the Universities in the power of a Board at which they are imperfectly represented, and does not even give an appeal to the Privy Council. An irresponsible body of professional men is the worst possible substitute for Parliament. Those distinctions between the three kingdoms which have rather antiquarian interest than present utility, - which, it is not too much to say, have operated in the way of retarding the improvement of medical education, - if allowed to continue, will provide a fresh crop of those jealousies to which we owe the present

agitation.

It appears, then, that there are nineteen examinations of unequal value in the United Kingdom; and that these are conducted by bodies which are directly represented in the General Medical Council, which is the only approach to a governing body exercising control over the medical profession.

To remedy the evils incident to a multiplicity of competing boards, the General Medical Council has invited the examining bodies in each division of the kingdom to unite voluntarily into one Board, and to establish one examination which must be a minimum; it further would allow any one or all of these bodies to accept this minimum examination in lieu of their own—thus depreciating the quality of the licence granted in respect of the examination.

But the General Council, having no power to compel the various licensing bodies into the surrender of their right to grant licences—a right conferred by charter—cannot get the English Conjoint Board itself established without an Act or Acts of Parliament empowering the Apothecaries' Company and the Universities to abandon their rights. Legislative interference is therefore necessary; and if the, State interferes at all, it ought not to be content with a trifling change on the Act of 1858.

The State is in duty bound to protect its citizens against incompetent practitioners, and is therefore at liberty to institute a test examination, since the profession has asserted the insufficiency of the examinations already in force. But to add a twentieth to the nineteen already existing, would be unwise as well as unfair to the student, who even at present has more to do in preparing for examinations than studying medicine.

Now the nineteen bodies mentioned on pp. 278, 279 form two classes—teach-

ing and non-teaching.

The latter are old guilds which gave licences to men whose only training was in apprenticeship to guildbrothers; the former are Universities, which give an academic honour that carries with it a legal right to practise. But there are other teaching bodies which have no powers nor privileges, though equally deserving with the Universities, as the London Schools, the Andersonian in Glasgow, &c.

The conflict of interests, therefore, forbids any satisfactory voluntary reform

being arrived at.

The non-teaching bodies might be constituted the electoral bodies of a Court of Examiners, before which none should appear who has not obtained some degree or certificate from a University or other teaching body; the function of such a Court being to see that none of these men came below a certain minimum of knowledge.

The State might set aside the nineteen bodies altogether, and establish a new one; but in the interests of science and good education, the certificate of University or School should be the sole admission to examination before this board, which should in no case do more than sanction the registration of the previously acquired title, registration being

the sign of licence.

The absurdity of two sets of titles, granted by teaching and non-teaching bodies, can only be rectified by suppressing one set and restricting the other. The Corporation titles might go without loss, and the titles given by Universities and Schools should be purely scholastic honours. For it is now indispensable that the teaching bodies should all be placed on equal footing, and that the monopoly now existing should be put an end to.

The rival claims of Corporations versus Universities can only be settled by Parliament, and the only settlement that will be satisfactory is by the establishment of a State Board; but before that is done public opinion must be formed on the matters in dispute.

To this end I hope that the above remarks may be found sufficiently fair to form a trustworthy contribution.

JOHN YOUNG.